

# Zion's Herald.

Volume LXXIV.

Boston, Wednesday, December 16, 1896.

Number 51.

## Zion's Herald.

CHARLES PARKHURST, Editor.  
ALONZO S. WEED, Publisher.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

Price, \$2.50 per year, including postage.

36 Bromfield St., Boston.

All stationed preachers in the Methodist Episcopal Church are authorized agents for their locality.

### CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

Bertha Gerneaux Davis.

I can see the mellow light  
Of that first glad Christmas night  
Breaking through the gloom and gray;  
See the path the Wise Men took  
When that brilliant star forsook  
Its old course to lead the way.

I can fancy the surprise  
In the cattle's meek brown eyes  
At the little stranger-guest;  
Seem to see His child-face smile  
In the mother's eyes, the while  
She is singing Him to rest.

On the ground the snow lies white,  
On my hearth the wood-fire light  
Glow and dances, red and fleet,  
While I gaze out through the dark  
Of the evening-time, and hark  
For the music of His feet.

He will come, I know, I know,  
Not as came He long ago  
To a manger set apart  
For His slumber, deep and still;  
Nay, the little Christ-child will  
Make His resting-place my heart.

Washington, D. C.

### The Outlook.

The underground trolley system grows in favor. It is extensively used abroad. It has been successfully tried in Washington and other cities of this country. In spite of the competition of the advocates of compressed air for traction, several of the most extensive systems of street railways in New York have just adopted it. It costs \$40,000 per mile, or about one-third that of the cable equipment. It can be operated on curves as gently as on straight lines, and is always under control.

A steamship was recently built in a New Jersey yard, every part, both metal and iron, fitted and completed, with the exception of riveting and fastening; it was then taken apart, put into about two hundred boxes, and freighted to Colombia, South America. On reaching there it will be unpacked, set up on ways, riveted and fastened, and then launched for service on the Magdalena River. It took sixty days to build the craft; it will require much less time to rebuild her and set her going.

Four constitutional amendments were carried by large majorities at the recent elections in South Dakota. None of them, however, will hold good because of a blunder in submitting them. They were arranged in a column on the side of the ballot instead of being printed, as the law required, on each ticket of the ballot. One of these amendments repealed the prohibitory article of the constitution. The Prohibitionists are greatly elated over the discovery that this article has not been expunged.

Labor Commissioner Carroll D. Wright recommends to Congress the establishment of a permanent and independent census bureau, with a director at its head and about three hundred assistants, all of whom should be brought into the classified service. He thinks that the enumeration of the population should be made every five years instead of ten, as is already provided for in twenty-six States and Territories. The sociological data need be taken only decennially. It would cost, according to Mr. Wright's estimate, about \$800,000 annually for this permanent bureau, and the work would be done more satisfactorily, expeditiously and economically than under the present system. He believes that \$2,000,000 might have been saved in compiling the Eleventh

Census, and more than a year in time, had the proposed plan been in operation.

Still another new ship was added to our naval force last week—the iron-hulled coast-defender, "Puritan." She was originally designed by Ericsson thirty-two years ago. It was not till 1875 that John Roach laid her keel at Chester. Work upon her languished on account of lack of appropriations, but she was launched in 1883. She has been modernized by the erection of two turrets instead of one, and various other changes. She is the biggest of our monitors, and perhaps the best type of that class afloat.

The success of the experiment to generate power at Niagara has led to the proposal of a similar project at the Iron Gates of the Danube. A German engineer has applied to the Hungarian, Roumanian and Servian governments for a concession to divert water from the cataracts to run turbines furnishing from 10,000 to 30,000 horse power, with which he purposes to run several saw-mills and cement and barrel-stave factories. There would be no appreciable loss of water to the ships' canal if ten times this subtraction were made.

The death at San Remo, last week, of Herr Alfred Nobel, the celebrated chemist, recalls the fact that before his time that terrible agent, nitro-glycerine, had been used only as a homeopathic remedy for headache. He first made commercial use of Sobrero's discovery of its explosive properties, beginning its manufacture on a large scale in 1864, for rendering rocks and similar obstructions. Though his brother was killed by an accidental discharge of this dynamite, it probably never occurred to the inventor at the time what a frightful use would be made of it by anarchists and nihilists.

The newest pool is the Paper trust. Thirty companies, which practically control the manufacture in this country of white paper used by newspapers, have agreed to form a national association which is to proportion the products of the mills and place the same on the market through a general agency, to be established in New York city. The usual protestation is made that prices will not be advanced as the result of this agreement. The usual explanation is offered that the example of other great industries must be followed. The manufacturers will doubtless gain by this movement; whether the consumers lose or not will appear farther on.

In 1707 a Dutch navigator and Arctic explorer named Gillis reported the discovery of land in that frozen sea in latitude 80 degrees north. His discovery could not be verified, and "Gillis Land" ceased to be noted on most of the maps. Tidings have come that last summer this land was rediscovered by Mr. Jackson and his party—the same expedition that met Nansen on his homeward journey. They first described it from the southwestern extremity of Franz Josef's Land. They attempted to visit it, but were prevented from landing by a storm. They found a majestic cape 2,000 feet high, located in 80 degrees 30 minutes north and 42 degrees 30 minutes east—without doubt the long-lost Gillis Land. They named the promontory Cape Mary Harmsworth.

The strike of the deck laborers at Hamburg proved futile. Non-union men were taken on in large numbers. The employers, protected as they are by German laws, declined arbitration, and quietly filled the vacant places. It now appears that the reason for their apparent obstinacy was their knowledge of the fact that the strike was backed by the Social Democrats, who provided support for the strikers and their families. It was the political aspect of the revolt that kept the employers firm. The New York Tribune expresses the opinion that an organization more powerful and far-reaching than the German Democrats was behind the movement. It attributes it to the "International Federation of Ship, Dock and Riverside Workers," of which Mr.

"Tom" Mann, the British agitator, is president; and expresses the conviction that the Hamburg strike "is only the beginning of a struggle, of which the end is not to be foreseen."

### The Polychrome Bible.

It was planned six years ago by Professor Paul Haupt, of Johns Hopkins University. The plan contemplated a new translation of the Old Testament into modern English, with such explanatory notes as might be found necessary to make the Bible intelligible and with none of "the mistranslations, obsolete words, and incomprehensible Hebraisms" which are found in the King James' translation and were not eliminated from the Revised Version. To render visible the conclusions of the Higher Criticism, the device was adopted of indicating the various periods and authors by "printing the text and translation upon backgrounds of different colors." Hence the name "Polychrome," many-colored. Professor Haupt called to his aid the most eminent Biblical scholars of the present generation, without regard to creed. He insisted only that theological bias should be laid aside and that the text should first be corrected and made as perfect as possible and then be rendered into English with absolute truthfulness. Ten parts (one-half) of the Hebrew text have appeared—Genesis, Leviticus, Joshua, Samuel, Jeremiah, Psalms, Job, Daniel, Ezra-Nehemiah and Chronicles. The entire work will probably be completed within two or three years.

### The Proposed Coercion of the Porte.

There seems to be but little doubt of the truth of the report that Russia, England and France have agreed upon a scheme of administrative reform in Turkey which will be surely undertaken with or without the consent of the Porte. This scheme has the acquiescence of the other European Powers, but they will remain neutral. The initiative will be taken by Russia, and her ambassador will lay before the Sultan the plan that has been agreed upon. The terms of this plan have not, at this time of writing, been published, but they are believed to be radical, and force will be used, if necessary, to carry them out. The Russian fleet in the Mediterranean has been recently strengthened, that of the Black Sea is kept ready for movement, and the squadrons of England and France are at hand to force the Dardanelles at a moment's notice. Russia's leadership in this matter has given ground for the conjecture that England has reversed the policy for which the Crimean war was fought and is willing to grant to Russia egress from the Black Sea. If the *quid pro quo* in this case be a guarantee that she may continue to hold Egypt, England may feel confident that her retention of that slice of African territory with its canal will enable her to balance whatever advantage Russia may gain by a free outlet to the Mediterranean.

### Comptroller Eckels' Recommendations.

Hon. James H. Eckels, Comptroller of the Currency, proposes, in his annual report, certain amendments to the National Bank act, as remedial to the existing financial stringency and congestion. He has learned by investigation that the demand for more money comes from localities where no banks exist. The absence of banks means the lack of credit, which takes the place of currency. He recommends, therefore, that in places of less than two thousand inhabitants permission be granted to organize national banks with a capital of \$25,000, and a corresponding reduction in the amount of bonds required to be deposited with the Treasurer of the United States. He also recommends that permission be granted to establish in places of one thousand population, or less, branch banks, with the right to receive deposits, make loans and discounts, and buy and sell exchange, but not to issue circulating notes other than those of the parent bank. Mr. Eckels maintains that with the credits

which such banks would afford, the present amount of currency would suffice and the pressure for inflation would cease. He supports his opinion by showing that 67.4 per cent. of the retail trade of the country is transacted by means of credit paper; that 95.3 per cent. of the wholesale trade is so carried on, 95.1 per cent. of business other than mercantile, and 92.5 per cent. of all business.

### Congressional Proceedings.

The House settled quickly to business. On its second day's session it passed without amendment the Pension bill, carrying a total appropriation of \$141,383,880; also three postal bills reported favorably last spring—one, permitting the use of private mailing cards like the present postal cards, a one-cent stamp to be affixed; the second, providing for indemnity, not to exceed \$10, for the loss of registered letters; the third, authorizing the collection and delivery of mail matter, where no regular service exists, by persons employed by the citizens, the beneficiaries to pay not more than one cent for each letter or package. On the third day nine bills were passed and two conference reports were agreed to. A bill prohibiting the sale of liquor in the National Capitol was passed on Thursday; also, the Senate bill prohibiting the practical performance of musical or dramatic productions. A bill to restrict the ownership of lands by aliens was debated. No business of public importance was transacted in the Senate. Three separate resolutions concerning Cuba were introduced; one, instructing the President to seize the island and hold it until the people organize a government; the other two, to recognize the independence of Cuba. On motion of Mr. Chandler, the committee on Interstate Commerce was directed to investigate the Joint Traffic Association (or railway pool); also, the flour and window-glass combinations.

### General Maceo's Fate.

That he fell a victim to Spanish bullets, towards the close of the first week in December, is now authenticated. The story first published was that he fell in battle, in an engagement which took place between the patriots and Major Cirujeda's command; and that the Spaniards did not discover his death till they stripped his body after the battle, finding thereon clothing and documents which identified him as the Cuban leader. The utmost joy was manifested in Madrid over the tidings, which, however, were not regarded as trustworthy in this country. The latest story is to the effect that Maceo was lured to his fate by Spanish treachery; that either he was invited to a pretended conference with the Marquis Ahumada, who acted as captain general during Weyler's absence, and foully murdered; or else that he was enticed into an ambush by Surgeon Zertucha, a member of his staff, where, surrounded by five hundred Spaniards in command of Major Cirujeda, he refused to surrender, and he and his party, the surgeon excepted, were butchered, his body and that of the son of Gen. Gomez being recovered by the patriots in a desperate subsequent encounter. The traitor is said to have been bribed for his infamous act, the sum of \$50,000 having been paid him. The fallen leader was one of the most conspicuous and successful of those who have sacrificed their lives for Cuban independence. He was on Gen. Gomez' staff in the preceding ten-years war. When the present war broke out, he was in Costa Rica, and with his brother Jose, who was afterwards killed, went to Cuba, and was assigned to command. He was brave, skillful, audacious, and possessed rare personal characteristics. Sylvester Scovell, the correspondent, who was with him, thus describes the leader: "A magnificently-proportioned man, with the head and neck of a born fighter, and the smile of a boy; a man who does not drink, smoke, nor use Castilian oaths, even after twelve years of the roughest kind of war; a man who, with twenty-three bullet holes in him, successfully leads a few thousand of corn-cutters against five times the number of modern rifles."



## Our Contributors.

### "WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED."

Like small curled feathers, white and soft,  
The little clouds went by,  
Across the moon, and past the stars,  
And down the western sky;  
In upland pastures, where the grass  
With frosty dew was white,  
Like snowy clouds the young sheep lay,  
That first, best Christmas night.

The shepherds slept; and glimmering faint,  
With twist of thin, blue smoke,  
Only their fire's crackling flames  
The tender silence broke—  
Save when a young lamb raised his head,  
Or, when the night wind blew,  
A nesting bird would softly stir,  
Where dusky olives grew.

With finger on her solemn lip,  
Night hushed the shadowy earth,  
And only stars and angels saw  
The little Saviour's birth;  
Then came such flash of silver light  
Across the bending skies,  
The wondering shepherds woke and hid  
Their frightened, dazzled eyes!

And all their gentle, sleepy flock  
Looked up, then slept again,  
Nor knew the light that dimmed the stars  
Brought endless Peace to men.  
Nor even heard the gracious words  
That down the ages ring—  
"The Christ is born! the Lord has come  
Good-will on earth to bring."

Then o'er the moonlit, misty fields,  
Dumb with the world's great joy,  
The shepherds sought the white-walled town,  
Where lay the baby boy.  
And oh, the gladness of the world,  
The glory of the skies,  
Because the longed-for Christ looked up  
In Mary's happy eyes.

—Margaret Deland.

### SOME MEMORIES OF METHODISM.

#### I.

#### Middletown Half a Century Ago.

Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D. D.

WHAT Princeton is to Presbyterians, what Providence is to the Baptists, and Cambridge is to the Unitarians, that Middletown is to all good Methodists. It is the seat of their most famous University, and that institution bears the great name of Wesley. Middletown rises beautifully from the bank of the Connecticut, and the college buildings are set upon a hill and "cannot be hid;" they are visible over this whole land.

During my vacation after my second year in Princeton Theological Seminary I made a pleasant visit to Middletown in the summer of 1845. I was the guest of Professor Augustus W. Smith, whose wife was my kinswoman. He had graduated at Hamilton College, and from the Oneida Conference Seminary at Casenovia had been promoted to the chair of mathematics and astronomy in the University. That acute theologian, Dr. Daniel D. Whedon, took the same track to the same University faculty. All old Wesleyans will remember Professor Smith as a most clear-brained instructor and charming gentleman. When Dr. Olin was abroad or was laid by through ill-health, Prof. Smith acted as president of the institution. He left the presidential chair to become a professor in the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, and died there in March, 1866.

Next door to him lived the genial Professor Johnson, who reveled among the gases and was great at *retorts*, both in conversation and in his chemical laboratory. Down the hill dwelt that sunny-hearted Englishman, Professor Joseph Holdich, who discoursed in very silvery tones on moral science and the belles-lettres. Holdich had a vast deal of the saccharine in his composition, and he closed his long, useful life as the secretary of the American Bible Society.

A good stiff faculty had the "Wesleyan" in those days; but above them all towered that stalwart king of men, President Stephen Olin. When a school-boy I had heard his illustrious predecessor, Dr. Wilbur Flak, deliver an address on the Bible at the first religious anniversary meeting I ever attended. I still remember Flak's appearance and his graceful delivery; he was in his day the foremost preacher in his denomination for eloquence and fervor of spirit. Stephen Olin was worthy to be his successor. Like Dr. Flak he was a native Vermonter, and as Theodore Parker said of Daniel Webster, he started life with "the mountains of Vermont and his own mountain of a head." His father was Hon. Henry Olin, a member of Congress (when they sent men and not money-bags to Congress) and a judge of the Supreme Court.

When I first saw Dr. Olin at Middletown he was about forty-eight, and was at the height of his fame and intellectual power. I became quite well acquainted with him, and like all truly great men he was very simple and unassuming. Men never need

to assume what they really have. Dr. Olin had not only a big brain, but a big, warm, loving heart. When his emotional nature was fairly kindled in the pulpit, it was like an anthracite coal-mine on fire. Some preachers make a far-barrel blaze that soon dies down into charred staves and smoke; Olin emitted the intense heat and light which were produced by the Holy Spirit working on a strong, well-balanced and cultivated intellect. His argumentative power and his fervid spiritual enthusiasm made him a tremendous preacher.

Some of my older readers will recall his majestic physique. He was over six feet in height; he had a broad, gigantic frame, and a lofty brow that resembled the brow of Daniel Webster. Mrs. Professor Smith told me that they always knew when Dr. Olin was going to preach in the Methodist Church, for the astral-lamps were moved off the pulpit to prevent their being smashed by the sweep of his long arms. He was a vehement speaker, and threw his whole man from head to foot into the tide of his impassioned oratory. His eloquence was divine truth made red hot with holy emotions. In the blending of logical power with heat of spiritual feeling and vigor of declamation, he was unsurpassed by any American preacher of his time. His printed discourses read well, but they lack the electricity of the moment and of the man. Thunder and lightning must be heard and seen; they cannot be transferred to paper. In fact, a large portion of the best preaching from Whitefield on to Summerfield and Olin was for the pulpit and not for cold type. Perhaps it is as well that Apollos was never "reported." As I recall Dr. Olin now—after the lapse of fifty years—as I see him again in the full flow of his majestic eloquence, I do not wonder that the Middletown boys were ready to pit him against any college president or any preacher in America.

He lived but six years after I first saw him. In August, 1851, I paid another visit to Professor Smith, and on my arrival I learned that the president of the University was dangerously ill. The next morning my host startled me with the announcement, "Dr. Olin is dead!" He had fallen at the age of fifty-four—when he was just in his splendid prime. His reputation is still great throughout all the realm of Methodism; he did a great work; yet his imposing personality was greater than any of his published productions.

During my visit to Middletown in 1845 I often went over to a room in the old college-building where three of the students were wont to gather, and had some lively talks with them. I had been to England and they were interested in my accounts of Wordsworth, Carlyle, and other celebrities whom I had met there. Of that trio of students one—young Martindale—did not have a long career. The other two brave boys were both destined to be Bishops—Edward A. Andrews and Gilbert Haven. Andrews was then the same that he is now—genial, modest, well-balanced, clear-headed, a man that never makes a mistake. Everybody that knows him loves him. Gilbert Haven had come from his native town of Malden with a somewhat rustic air, but he was already showing his mettle. Seventeen years afterwards I met him again, on the summit of Mount Rigi—attired in an old yellow "mackintosh," and watching the sunrise over the Bernese Alps. Then began a friendship that lasted until he was—all too soon—translated to glory. How his brilliant conversations used to flash and sparkle in the columns of the good old ZION'S HERALD! What a diamond-pointed pen he wielded! Haven was one of the few men who are more magnetic with a pen in his hand than when on his legs before an audience. In that respect he was the opposite of Olin. As a writer he has never had a superior in the church which he adorned and which he loved to the core of his big heart. Mr. Henry C. Bowen once offered him a splendid salary to come into the *Independent*. Brother Haven said to me, "Christ's church can only be built up on denominational lines; I had rather have less than half as much salary for editing the HERALD." My reply was, "Gilbert, you are a wise man; you are predestinated to be a bishop." The prediction was soon fulfilled. In 1875 the two beloved Bishops Andrews and Haven sat together at my table in yonder room, and we talked over the days of our first interviews at Middletown thirty years before. One of the twain is still wearing the harness of a true soldier of King Jesus; the other wears the conqueror's crown. Both of them have won the eulogy on Barnabas of old—"a good man and full of the Holy Spirit."

Brooklyn, N. Y.

### THE PASSING OF THE COLONEL.

#### A Christmas Sketch.

Eva Kilbreth Foster.

"JUST a minute longer, Colonel, and I'll have it all done; but don't, please, hold your head quite so high! That's it—now you won't move till I say to, will you? Oh, I do hope it'll keep till they all see it! You look just like a nangel, Colonel—perzaotly like a nangel!"

And so the busy little tongue ran on, while ten busy little fingers played about the Colonel's snow-thatched head and fitted to its noble proportions a Christmas wreath of holly.

"May I move now, Comfort? It's a long time, you know, since my days of military discipline and dress-parades. Keeping still like this comes a bit hard to a veteran of the army."

"A vetryman of the army! Wuz you a vetryman before they made you colonel? You've told me so many times what a vetryman is, but I can't seem to remember 'bout it. Would you mind telling me that again, and all the war stories, riding back home with our Christmas greens?"

It was a familiar sight to all Bloomfield—the aged Colonel and the boy poking along behind the old white horse, up hill and down, very much as the latter willed they should go, little heed being paid to any hints given by those who handled the reins. Snowball knew their needs, and met the needs handsomely with a daily drive of several hours, simply reserving to himself the privilege of saying whether his passengers should travel; and, as a matter of fact, the old horse most frequently took to the woody roads, and all were well content.

"You say you want all the war stories again today, Comfort? Well, then—'Position!' and 'Attention!'"

To Comfort these commands had become familiar ones; he well knew that "position" meant a lowering of the Colonel's white head to the level of his own little topknot of golden curls. And at the word "Attention" the boy's great blue eyes became riveted upon the Colonel's gray ones, while one army tale followed on top of another in rapid succession. Unflagging seemed the interest of speaker and listener until a scarcely perceptible break came in the Colonel's rich and musical voice, which Comfort's acute little ears were quick to note.

"What makes your voice so funny, Colonel? It sort of cracked, didn't it? Mine used to do like that sometimes; but that wuz before I gave up cryin'. I stopped when I wuz goin' on seven—last fall, you know—'cause they said it wuzn't very *manful*. I suppose you gave it up when you wuz about the same age, Colonel? And that must have been most a hundred years ago, I expect!"

Surely it is something more than evening shadows that play across the Colonel's beautiful, sensitive face—pain and pleasure, both, are there; and who shall say which has gained the victory as the old soldier pulls himself together and again begins to speak:—

"'Cracks,' you say, Comfort, in your old Colonel's voice? Sit closer, boy, and let me whisper a secret to you—a secret that you can hide away in this little ear of yours behind these yellow curls; you won't let it get out, I know. Your old Colonel was having a bit of a cry, Comfort, by way of an old-time treat, but he doesn't mean that this little 'private' of his shall ever catch him at it again."

"You wuz, for a fact, cryin', Colonel? I thought I felt somethin' fall on my hand—somethin' wet, you know—but I didn't just like to ask if it wuz a tear; so I spoke 'bout the crack in your voice. Mebby if we wuz to play riddles a while, now, Colonel, you wouldn't feel so bad!"

And so with "riddles" and conundrums they while away a bit of the time, but with the deepening shadows a quiet settles upon both. Silence reigns all about them—a silence broken only by the crunching of the snow beneath the horse's feet. On and on the faithful old beast trudges, carrying his burden safely over the dark and deserted road. By the flickering light of an occasional lamp-post one catches a glimpse now and then of the Colonel's white head with its touch of scarlet—the wreath of holly; one catches a glimpse, too, of a little curly head with a touch of downiness about it—a little curly head that has taken refuge in some folds of the Colonel's army cloak. As they journey across the village square the town clock warns the little traveling band that six o'clock is near at hand; but horse and passengers continue on their way in perfect unconcern. Presently the

lights of the village fade away in the distance behind them, and now the last hill has been covered. In a minute more they will turn off into their own maple avenue. On and on they move, up to the old barn, through the open door, and halt. The lantern swinging over there affords a dim light only—a light that almost enhances the darkness of the spot; yet one can see Snowball's breath forming little wreaths about his nostrils, and it is Snowball's mild panting, too, that breaks the silence which just now reigns throughout the old red barn. Seven o'clock, and still the patient beast stands in the shafts. Twenty minutes more, and no one stirs. A little curly head still lies buried in the great army cloak—Comfort's slumber is sound.

But the old soldier's face! Something—surely something has touched it, most beautiful in its radiance! The old warrior's face speaks of peace at last. The old soldier has heard and answered his final "taps;" the Colonel's snow-white head, with its Christmas wreath of holly, rests in its last sleep.

"They are in great distress over at the Blyan's about their boy, full of anxiety over the little fellow, for he has taken the old Colonel's death so much to heart that they cannot rouse him or comfort him in the least. They say the child even moans in his sleep. It was one of those cases of utter devotion. The Colonel, you know always called the boy 'Comfort.' I heard the old man's story tonight—it would read like a romance of the first order. I will try to give it to you as I heard it from Comfort's mother—in her very words as far as I possibly can:—

"We have told our boy the Colonel's story," she began, "and are telling our friends, now, too, preferring that they should have the true facts—not distorted ones. It was out in Colorado that Comfort and I first knew the Colonel; my baby boy was barely out of long dresses. I shall never forget the spot—its awful bleakness and its awful hush. How can I ever make you see it—feel it? Great, rocky cliffs shut us in on either side. The bits of rails threading their way through this granite pass had ceased their vibrations, stirred by the passing train. All about us was dreary, dead, silent, and here it was that my boy and I stood alone one afternoon in December. The doctor thought me in need of a change that winter, so they had started my boy and me off on the journey that was to suffer this strange interruption. It was all so sudden—the slowing up of the train, the final stopping, the eager rush of travel-worn passengers for a breath of air and a moment's stretching, the hurry and flurry of everybody, then the sudden and awful realization that the train was again in motion, was rapidly disappearing, and that we were left behind! The sense of loneliness which I felt in that first little moment was something I could never make you understand or half appreciate. When relief finally came, it appeared in such a form as to emphasize the feeling of helplessness. My very first consciousness of any break in the terrible silence was that there seemed to be a sound of hammering somewhere near, yet not in sight. This, I say, was my very first consciousness of any human being's being within miles of us. Then a different sound, as of a clumsy and shuffling step accompanied by the clanking of a chain, fell on my ear. The shuffling and clanking ended suddenly in a heavy thud; and a convict—a convict with chain and ball attached to him—stood before me! But the man's dress—his stripes and his chain and his ball—were forgotten the moment he began to speak. His very first words inspired me with a confidence that has never been shaken from that day to this. 'Madam,' he said, 'don't let my prison-garb alarm you, I beg, for I simply stand before you as a man, with a man's privilege of offering you assistance, of trying to help you out of what looks like an awkward predicament. One of our guards is stationed just a hundred feet or so down the track, and I have given a whistle which he will understand to mean that he is wanted here, and he will be able to assist you more readily than I could well do with this—this clumsy attachment.'"

"I felt then and there," said Comfort's mother, "that it was an innocent man who stood before me, and all the more did his words wring my very heart. Suffice it to say that the guard was on the ground promptly in reply to the whistle given; and having learned our story, he found shelter for my baby and me with some official of the neighboring penitentiary over night. Before leaving in next day's train, I asked and was granted the privilege of another little interview with my convict-friend of the



previous day. Precious little could be wrung from him in the hour's talk that passed between us at that time; but I did exact from him a promise that if he ever left those prison walls, a free man, he would come and tell me his whole story and allow me to judge his case as my head and heart might prompt me to.

"Almost a year to the day from that time, on Christmas Eve, he did come to me as he had promised—came with a story of false imprisonment suffered for a wretch of a brother whose wrong-doing meant so much more (where the happiness of wife and children was involved) than his assumption of crime could possibly mean. In the hour of death, penitence and gratitude had prompted a full confession on the brother's part, and thus it was that that Christmas Eve found the dear old Colonel standing at our door—a door that was thrown wide open to the grand old man, you may be sure. And, as you know, our home has been his home from that hour, and our boy, Comfort, has been his boy."

Roxbury, Mass.

## AROUND THE MEDITERRANEAN.

V.

Algiers.

Dora M. Jones.

WHEN we left Granada the sky, which had been perfectly clear since we landed at Lisbon, was veiled with gray clouds, portending the autumn rains. The railway down to Bobadilla runs between bold reddish hills, seamed and scarred with saw-like, ridgy outlines. It looked like a land over which a conflagration had passed. Here and there we saw a green belt of trees, or a mile or two of oliveyard. Acacias and horse-chestnuts, white with the dust of the long drought, grew about the villages through which we passed. In the valleys now and then we saw a little green glen where figs and pomegranates mingled oddly with English bramble and yellow gorse. The forms of the mountains were exceedingly bold and grand, huge wedge-like peaks half-swathed in cloud, and olive gardens sloping down into the plain. Now and again we passed parties of laden mules and donkeys, with red saddles, in charge of men in blue cotton suits, red sashes and sombreros, and gipsy-like women with bright handkerchiefs bound over their black hair.

We arrived at Malaga with unexpected punctuality, soon after eight, and had a long drive to the quay, along the immensely wide boulevards. It was too dark, unfortunately, to see anything of the town. At the harbor we were lighted to our place of embarkation by the glare of piers of tarred rope, and in spite of this fitful illumination, and the excitement of getting off some six-score people in small boats, reached our floating home without any mishap, and sailed away for North Africa.

The day of rest was doubly welcome after the excitement of the past few, and we were glad, after morning service, to sit about under the awnings, comparing experiences and tramping (metaphorically) on the prostrate forms of those who had not ventured to join in invading the Peninsula. In the afternoon we assembled in the smoking-room to hear Sir Lambert Playfair's last lecture, introduced by a few words from Mr. Justice Ross. Christian slavery in North Africa was the subject of the address, which dealt briefly with the rise of the Mohammedan power in North Africa, the establishment of the Saracens in Sicily and Spain, and the deeds of the Mediterranean pirates who sailed forth from their fortresses at Tunis, Tangier, and above all Algiers, to harass and capture merchant vessels of every nation, doom-ing crew and passengers to a hopeless captivity. The most disgraceful part of the business was that, although any one of the European Powers could easily, at any time, have brought the Dey of Algiers to reason, their mutual jealousy would not permit of this solution, and the pirate state was flattered and coaxed by each of the Christian nations in succession, as it seemed likely to be a foil in the side of a neighbor. A certain proportion of Christian slaves in every capture was allotted to the Dey, the remainder sold to private purchasers or sent to the public works, where they toiled half-clothed and half-fed, with chains on their limbs, and often subjected to conditions too horrible for description. Yet, as the lecturer pointed out, their lot was no worse than that of many of the Christian subjects of his most Christian Majesty, Louis XIV. of France; and the Huguenot victims of the galleys and the dragonade might almost envy the slaves of the Algerine pirates. The speaker read several extracts from letters which have been preserved, written by captives in Algiers to their English friends. Some of them are absolutely heartrending. A gleam of light strikes across the gloomy story with the name of "David Spratt, minister of the Gospel." This good man in his artless narrative leaves it on record that when first taken captive by the Moors he was tempted with doubts of God's providence in allowing such a thing to befall him; but "on arriving in Algiers," he says, "I found that which changed my thoughts of God, and showed me that He dealt not more hardly with me than with others." His heart went out to his poor fellow-prisoners, ready in their misery

to curse God and die, and he forgot the hardness of his own captivity in teaching, encouraging, consoling them. His friends in England interested themselves in his ransom, and at last he was told that he was free to return home, but he would not desert those who had learned to look to him as their only earthly friend, and he continued his ministry among them till the edict of the Dey expelling all free Christians from Algiers, obliged him to leave. At last the conscience of Europe could endure this ranking sore in its body politic no longer, and Lord Exmouth's decisive action in 1816 abolished Christian slavery for the time being. But it was not finally rooted out till the occupation of Algeria by French troops some years later.

With all this in our minds, the first glimpse of

### Algiers

was hailed with very special interest. The rain, which had been threatening for the last day or two, was falling in sheets; but even under these disadvantages we could admire the fine sweep of the Bay, and the fair city with its domes and minarets, crowned with the old Moorish citadel and gleaming white out of its garden groves.

There is a civilized and progressive atmosphere about this delightful town, compared with other spots which we had visited in our wanderings, which impressed us immediately on landing. The Boulevard de la République, with its handsome blocks of offices, skirts the quay, and behind this is the Bab-el-Asoun, with some really nice shops, and crowds of Arabs in all the colors of the rainbow rubbing shoulders with sober-tinted Europeans. This leads us into the Place de Gouvernement, spacious and palm-shaded, with the glaring white dome of the new Mosque facing the sea. Here we engaged an Arab youth, red-turbaned, red-slipped, and, for the rest, an indescribable bundle of yellow rags, to convey us through the Moorish quarter. There is a sharp division between the ancient and the modern town of Algiers, marked by the Rue de la Lyre, which runs parallel with the quay. Crossing this you find yourself in another world. There are no streets, strictly speaking, only passages of endless stairs, hemmed in on either side by high houses, with narrow barred windows and projecting balconies, almost shutting out the sky. Many of these houses are solidly built, with massive oaken doors, carved in elaborate patterns, and with a little grated window at the top. These are the residences of the wealthier Arabs. Up and down these stairs, in the shadow of the nodding balconies, streams a continual succession of picturesque figures—some draped from head to foot in the folds of the white burnous; others in hanks of crimson or blue, lined with another color and richly embroidered; others, again, in white full vests and baggy trousers, with a crimson sash and yellow or blue embroidered jacket; and among them women looking like mere white bundles, and veiled up to the eyes, some holding little black-eyed Moors by the hand, some with immense brown water-jars on their heads. The shops were merely dark caves formed by the taking away of the ground floor front, and here the Arab squats among his goods, and conducts endless diplomatic intrigues over the disposal of a brass tray or a piece of embroidery.

Out of breath with climbing, we finally emerged on the platform at the top of the hill, at the gate of the ancient kasbah, or citadel, now used as barracks. There is a clumsy-looking salmon-pink tower at the corner, with a projecting green turret. And here took place the famous episode, when the last Dey, on some remonstrance from the French ambassador, struck him in the face with his fan, thus furnishing a pretext for the French occupation. Opposite is a transmuted mosque, now a Christian chapel and convent school. We went into the chapel—a plain whitewashed building, with the usual daubs on the wall, representing the Stations of the Cross. Two squads of brown-skinned children—boys and girls—under the guidance of the sisters, were chanting the "Salve Regina." It was a pretty, touching sight, particularly when one remembered what within the last hundred years might have been the fate of Christian boys and girls almost on that very spot.

Then we went on to study the devotees of the Prophet in the grand mosque, Rue de la Marine—the oldest in Algiers. It is a cool, colonnaded, white-walled place, spread with carpets of varying patterns. A few of the faithful in white burnouses were kneeling in rows, kissing the ground at intervals, raising and bowing three times to Mecca and then kneeling again. We were indebted to the French Government for the unusual privilege of entering, as they made it one of the articles of capitulation that the mosque should be open. An ancient attendant sits on the threshold with a supply of immense red slippers, which you slip on over your walking-shoes, and shuffle about in during your stay in the sacred enclosure. The mosque is built round a court with a picturesque fountain, at which certain of the faithful were scrubbing their faces, hands, and feet, with much energy.

Space fails me to tell of all that may be seen in the City of the Days, but we ought not to omit the richly decorated mosque in the Jardin Maengo; the public library and museum, formerly the palace of Mustapha Pasha, and a most interesting specimen of Arab domestic architecture; and the cathedral, formerly a mosque, with the relics of San Geronimo of Algiers.

If anything could damp the ardor of a British traveler it would be the down-pour of rain that we had on the previous day. Today, however,

the sky was brilliantly clear, and the sea of the true Mediterranean color. At breakfast Mr. Perowne announced the arrangements for the day; we sorted ourselves as directed into parties of four, and found our carriages waiting for us at the quay. It involved some time and trouble on all these occasions, on the part of Mr. Perowne, Mr. Lunn, and their able lieutenants, to see that all were comfortably settled and that no straggler was left behind; but that being accomplished, off we went through Mustapha Supérieure, the French residential suburb of Algiers, up a steep hill, past the villa of the Governor with its lovely garden, and out into the open country. The air, cooled by the rain of the day before, was highly exhilarating, and every turn of the road gave us a fresh view of the Bay, and the intense sapphire blue of the open sea. Curious little "villas" and "campagnes," half French, half Moorish, with latticed windows and arabesque over the doorways in green and violet and red and blue, peeped at us over hedges of cactus and aloe and wild geranium. Far in the distance lay the mighty range of Atlas, with the verdant and smiling Metidja between.

We drove by El Biar to Bousarea, with magnificent views for nearly the whole way, and returned past the huge Hospice of Les Petites Sœurs des Palmes, by a zigzag road that tried the springs of our carriages, to the bottom of a wild gorge, with white, flat-topped houses perched on cliffs here and there, and pine and flex clinging to the side of the red crags. At the bottom of the ravine is a dry river bed, spanned by stone bridges, and probably a raging torrent in the rainy season.

We lunched on the ship, and in the afternoon started again for the Botanical Gardens, the chief curiosity of which are the enormous india-rubber trees. There is an avenue of them there, as large as an ordinary avenue of pines. Then we went on to the Ravin du Femme Sauvage, so called from a sort of Moorish hermitess, who is said to have lived here at the time of the French conquest. Here we revelled in the luxuriance of the vegetation after the bare hills of Spain, pines on the heights and in the valleys, figs and acacias, with a rich undergrowth of rhododendrons and bamboos.

Returning through Mustapha and past the old Moorish fort of Bab-el-Asoun, with the stalls of Arab traders in the shadow of it, we stopped at the English Church, a handsome building, the walls of which are covered with memorial tablets. On one of these is a touching inscription in memory of the daughter of the Consul-General, to whose liberality the church owes so much. The interior was decorated with red and gray Algerian marble on the occasion of the Queen's Jubilee, and a large tablet placed by Sir Lambert Playfair commemorates the taking of Algiers by Lord Exmouth.

By this time it was raining hard again, and we were glad to get back to our floating castle. Comparing Tangier, which in climate and beauty of situation almost equals Algiers, with the city we had just visited, we could not help congratulating our neighbors across the channel on what they had made of this ancient nest of pirates. The gaiety and grace of Algerine life as we saw it, the unsurpassed quaintness of the Mohammedan quarter, and the picturesque medley of every conceivable garb and tongue in the palm-shaded squares and boulevards, all these are now among the treasures of memory.

S. S. "Midnight Sun."

## THE NEW ENGLAND DEACONESS HOSPITAL.

Rev. Wm. Nast Brodbeck, D. D.

IT sometimes happens that an enterprise is embarrassed by the very greatness of its success, and such is the present experience of the institution named above. Established less than twelve months ago, and launched upon its mission with some fear and misgivings on the part of many, it has already outgrown its accommodations and resources, so that from every hand—from physicians, patients, nurses, and superintendents—comes the cry for "more room." Since its opening in February last, 112 patients have been successfully cared for, all of whom have expressed their enthusiastic appreciation of the faithful and efficient attention received and the homelike and Christian atmosphere by which they were surrounded while tarrying with us. Many more patients might have been received during these months had there been room for their accommodation. Many others are applying for admission now who cannot be received because of this same lack. Some of these are patients who would gladly pay good prices for the care bestowed, and thus enable the Hospital to do far more free work than is possible under present limitations. The physicians who have brought their patients to the institution are enthusiastic in their endorsement of its work, and do not hesitate to say that it grandly supplies a need not hitherto met in our city. The writer has in his possession two earnest letters from a physician who has perhaps had more patients in the Hospital than any other, pleading with him to arouse the Christian public to the greatness of our opportunity in this Christlike work if we will only provide more room. Surgeons whose names and reputation are known in almost every Boston household, have assured us that if our accommodations were doubled, our wards and rooms would constantly be filled. It is altogether certain that if we had another building now as large as the one already in use, it could be kept filled with patients sufficient to meet its running expenses, and also to supply something more with which to aid in the prosecution of our free work.

Why, then, do we not enlarge at once? Simply because we are still somewhat in debt, and do not feel at liberty to increase said indebtedness. If our present indebtedness was provided

for, we would take measures at once to enlarge our work. It would seem that the Master in whose name this work was undertaken and is continued, desires us to go forward. At a joint meeting of the hospital and finance committees held a few weeks ago, after a full discussion of the subject, it was decided that we could not enlarge until our present indebtedness was met. That same afternoon our treasurer, upon arriving at home, found a letter awaiting her containing a check for \$1,000 to be applied to our hospital work. This money came from an entirely unexpected source, and seemed to be either a rebuke from the Lord because of our want of faith, or an encouragement because of the wisdom of our decision.

But some one may be ready to ask, "What is your exact financial status at present?" It can be given in a few words: We owe \$5,000 on the property now occupied by our Hospital, which is secured by a mortgage on the building. We have also an indebtedness of \$1,000 for unpaid bills, part of which was for furnishings for the Hospital, making our total indebtedness \$6,000. To offset this indebtedness we have investments amounting to \$4,000, \$1,000 of which is available at any moment, and the other \$3,000 (which because of the stringency of the times had depreciated somewhat) is steadily rising in value. If the latter was good for its face, our actual indebtedness would be \$2,000. In view of the depreciation named above, we ought to have at least \$2,200 with which to meet these obligations. A member of our finance committee, who is a most successful business man, offers to give the last hundred dollars of this amount, and accompanies the offer with the statement that as a business man he regards it as a good business investment. Our first anniversary will occur Feb. 5, 1897, at which time a report of the year's work will be given to the public, which we are sure will be more than gratifying to all who have so generously contributed to this worthy enterprise. Now what we want to do is to raise the remainder of this indebtedness before our anniversary, so that said happy occasion may find us free from debt and ready to at once enlarge our opportunities for usefulness. Are there not liberal men and women in sufficient numbers in New England, whose hearts are interested in such a noble work as this, and who will at once respond to this appeal, to enable us to secure these two very desirable ends? The writer cannot believe otherwise than that there are. If those whom God has blessed with means could only hear the expressions of gratitude which fall from the lips of the sufferers who are helped by this noble benefaction—gratitude for Christian sympathy and care they have received, and in some instances for the new life, not only physical, but spiritual, which has come to them through the tender ministrations of those who have cared for them—the writer is sure that the needed \$2,200 would be in the hands of our treasurer within a few days. Every dollar received will be most carefully administered, for this enterprise is under the direction of some of our most judicious and successful business men as well as some of our wisest and most conscientious pastors.

May we not, then, hear at once from many liberal souls whose delight it is to help worthy causes? May we not hope that many such will place the New England Deaconess Hospital first upon the list of charitable objects which are to share in their annual Christmas benefactions? May we not receive the entire amount needed long before our anniversary arrives, so that it may be a time for special rejoicing and thanksgiving? May we not be so helped by God's stewards as that this noble work may be enlarged, and hundreds of poor sufferers made glad because of the relief which shall come to them through your beneficence? Money or checks may be sent to our treasurer, Mrs. J. W. Cushing, 1677 Beacon St., Brookline, Mass., or to our superintendent, Miss Mary E. Lunn, 691 Massachusetts Avenue, Boston. Friends of Him who came to preach the Gospel to the poor, to heal the broken-hearted, to give sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, speech to the dumb, and health to the leper, will you not help us in this great and Christlike work?



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## DEDICATION OF MATHEWSON ST. CHURCH, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

THE Mathewson Street Methodist Episcopal Church, of Providence, R. I., was organized in 1848 with twenty-eight members. The original structure was dedicated early in 1851, and was at that time considered a model of beauty and convenience. People came to see it for miles around, and patterned after its excellences. In its long roll of noteworthy divines we find the names of Dr. Hatfield, Rev. Frederick Upham, Rev. Mark Trafton, and Dr. D. A. Whedon. Its membership has, from the first, consisted of people of more than ordinary ability. At a reunion at Cottage City last summer Bishop Foster mentioned having looked upon Mathewson Street Church as "one of the six life churches of Methodism." These facts go to show that the present bright people have no mean background.

During the forty-four years that the original edifice was in use time wrought great changes. The walls became dingy. The city grew, and piles of brick claimed every square foot of valuable land. On either side great business blocks intercepted the sun's rays. Then, too, it was thought that the foundation was disturbed by the close proximity of the new buildings, so that cracks in the plastering yawned with mysterious forebodings. During these years absence from the services became conspicuously chronic with some, while others resorted to more inviting church homes. However, the main bulk of the membership remained as true as the needle to the pole. Still, with a slow, gradual decrease in membership, the situation was discouraging. There was accumulated wealth within the fold, sufficient for an elegant new structure, but it was largely in the possession of the elderly people who thought the old church, with its sacred memories, good enough. Then, in several cases, a bequest was expected. Such hopes were, however, dashed to pieces again and again, and in most instances the wealth was taken entirely out of the church with such decease. The project of a union with two other Methodist churches in the near vicinity was another scheme for securing the much-desired edifice. After years of consideration this was abandoned as unfeasible.

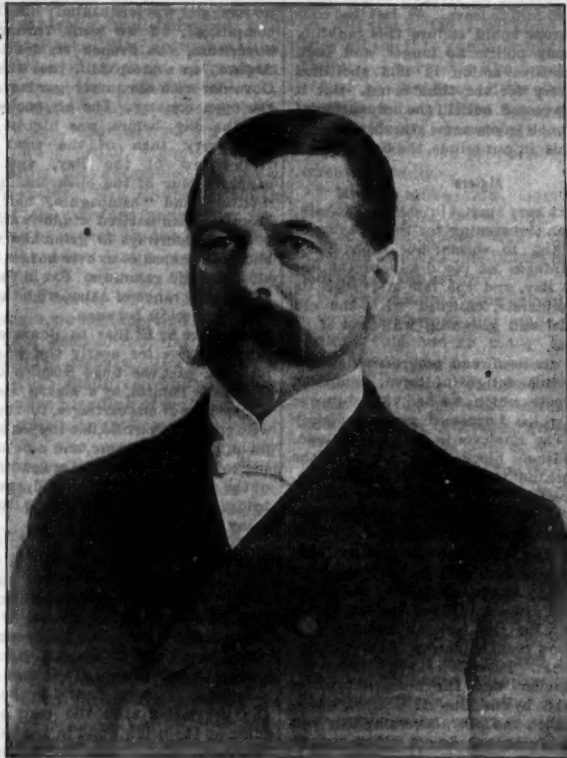
Thus Mathewson Street was thrown back upon itself—back upon the men and women of today. Had they been weaklings they would have collapsed, but, as it was, they were nerved by the ozone of increased difficulties for the undertaking of a great enterprise. Today, a commanding new structure, on the original site, built of brick with an Indiana limestone front, running from street to street, covering the entire lot, rising five stories high, and devoted wholly to church purposes, is a monument to their courage and generosity. It is also a monument of the most magnificent management. How the trustees and building committee could have obtained so much for the money expended is a marvel to every one. The cost of the building and furnishing was only a little more than \$80,000. Greatly to the delight of the people, this amount was all secured in pledges before the first service of the feast of dedication. For this transformation much credit is due to the clear conviction, the optimistic faith, and the judicious leadership of the pastor, Rev. M. S. Kaufman, Ph. D.

This church of today and for tomorrow is attracting a great deal of attention in the city and vicinity. The front is beautiful and imposing. On one side of the ample front entrance is the corner-stone bearing the dates 1850-1896, and on the other side a large bronze tablet, where in bold relief is the inscription, "Mathewson Street Methodist Episcopal Church." Passing along the spacious hall, we find two independent stairways from the basement to the top floor, and an elevator ready for service. The basement, which is well lighted by large windows, contains a dining-room with seating capacity for two hundred, serving-room, kitchen, convenient closets, and boiler-room. On the second or entrance floor is the reception-room. Connecting with this is the

Webster Room, so named in honor of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Webster, the only surviving members who helped to organize the church forty-eight years ago. On this floor, also, we find the Sunday-school rooms. Above these is the beautiful auditorium, semicircular in form, with floor slightly inclined and the aisles radiating

Book, its contents, its unity; the pillars were the sacrifice of Christ, and death conquered. After this majestic sermon the church was duly dedicated.

In the afternoon there was a union meeting of the Epworth Leagues of the city, addressed by Rev. J. H. Coleman, D. D., of Albany, N. Y.



Rev. Matthias S. Kaufman, Ph. D.  
Pastor Mathewson St. Church, Providence, R. I.

from the platform. In a semicircular sweep around the three sides is a gallery with most desirable sittings. Over the whole is a handsome dome. On the audience-room floor to the front, and opening into the auditorium, is the ladies' parlor, with easy-chairs, divans, post ottomans, open fireplace, mantels and artistic draperies. Directly over this and opening into the gallery is the Epworth parlor, nicely furnished by the young people. On the fifth floor is the hall for physical culture; also four very pleasant rooms where the janitor and his wife are cozily at home. The building is finished in light wood and oak. The decorations are delicate and exquisite. The pew cushions are a soft green, while the shades of olive prevail in the carpets. The organ has an electric pneumatic action and is operated from a movable console. The utmost care has been exercised in the matter of heating and ventilation. The air is taken from an air-shaft extending above the roof, and forced through a steel-cased heater

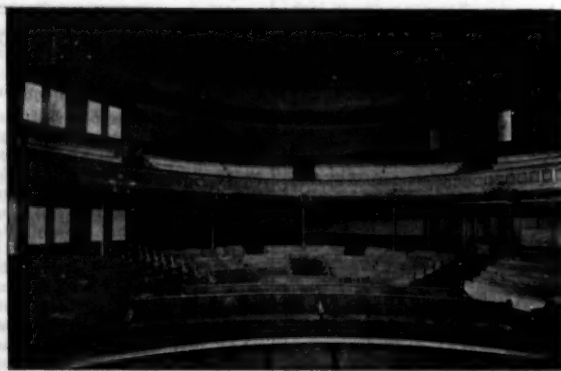
His subject was, "The United States in the World's Conflict." The address, fortified by strong points and bristling with bright ideas, captured the large audience. Rev. J. T. Docking, Ph. D., Rev. F. L. Stroeter and Rev. John Oldham assisted in the service.

At 6.30 was held a jubilee of song, in which Rev. Geo. E. Brightman and Rev. J. S. Bridgford rendered valuable aid.

In the evening Dr. Coleman preached an able sermon on "The Humiliation of the Son of God" (2 Cor. 8:9). Thus ended the first Sabbath.

Monday evening Bishop Fowler delivered his unrivaled lecture on Abraham Lincoln to a very enthusiastic audience of seven hundred. The universal verdict placed it in the front rank of great oratory.

Tuesday evening was held an interdenominational meeting, in which some twelve denominations were represented by a leading clergyman. Dr. Kaufman presided and introduced



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provided with several thousand feet of steam-coils. Thus heated the air is distributed to all parts of the building. The two boilers are each forty horse-power. There is a positive change of air every few minutes.

The feast of dedication began Sunday, Dec. 6, and lasted eight days. On the first Sabbath the weather was auspicious. The balmy air and sunshine from without vied with graceful palms and elegant decorations of roses and carnations within. The auditorium was tested to its utmost. The chapel chairs were brought from the Sunday-school room, and the parlors, too, were filled with expectant people. The participants in the service were Rev. E. C. Bass, D. D., Rev. M. J. Talbot, D. D., Rev. W. V. Morrison, D. D., President Blakeslee, the pastor, Rev. Matthias S. Kaufman, Ph. D., and Bishop Fowler. The Bishop's sermon was preached from Psalm 48: 12: "Tell the towers thereof." The sermon was a characteristic effort of this great man. He dwelt briefly upon a walled city, and proceeded to draw his bold figures from its defences. He made the most the body, the drawbridge the mind; the towers were God's revelation of Himself, the

each speaker in a most felicitous manner.

Wednesday evening the Social Union of the city met in the reception-room, Webster Room, and Sunday-school parlor. Here a reception was tendered Bishop Mailleu. The attendance was unusually large. After a banquet in the commodious dining-room, the company repaired to the Sunday-school chapel, where the frequent laughter and applause greeting the Bishop's address indicated how highly it was appreciated.

Thursday evening was the forty-eighth anniversary and reunion of former pastors. There were present of former pastors Dr. Talbot, who presided, and introduced each speaker with his usual good taste. Rev. Edgar F. Clark, Rev.



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Jesse Wagner, Rev. N. T. Whitaker, D. D., and Rev. Henry Tuckley, D. D., whose appropriate and complimentary addresses greatly delighted their appreciative parishioners of other years. From some of those who could not be present interesting letters were read—from Mrs. Rev. David Patten, Rev. H. S. White, Sidney Dean, Rev. J. H. McCarty, Rev. W. T. Worth, Rev.

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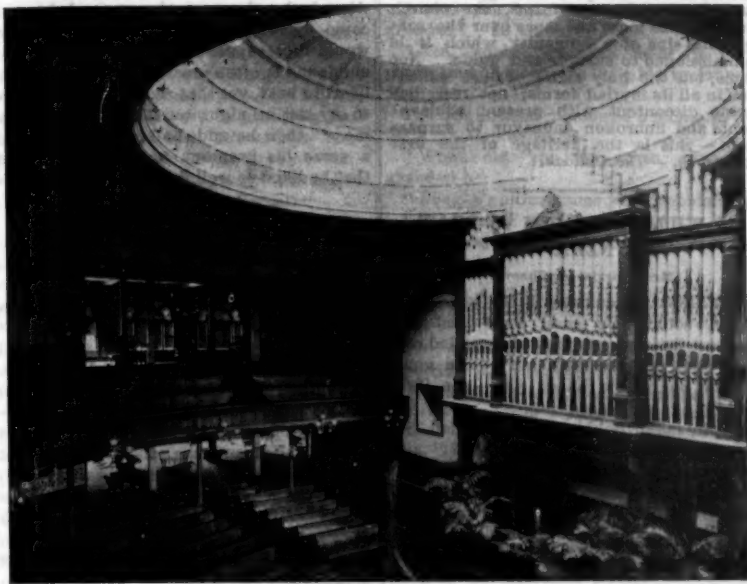


C. W. Gallagher, D. D., and Rev. Clark Crawford.

Friday evening there was held in the Sunday-school chapel a "Church Enterprise" meeting, presided over by Mr. Geo. D. Lansing.

Right here a word of explanation may not be amiss. Together with the contemplation of a new "down-town" edifice arose the questions as to what were the demands made upon Methodism in the city centre, and how those demands could be met. As a reply to these ques-

The editor of one of our leading religious journals has well said in an important volume: "The teachers in the modern church may be divided into three parties: one is endeavoring to defend the faith of the fathers and the forms in which that faith is expressed; one repudiates both the faith and the forms; one holds fast to the faith, but endeavors to restate it in forms more rational and more consistent with modern habits of thought. To confound the second and third of these parties because they agree in discarding ancient formularies is a natural but a very radical



Auditorium and Parlors.

ries there was organized a series of societies known as the "Church Enterprise Scheme" — a literary, a musical, an entertainment, and different grades of physical culture. Much credit is due Mr. Frank H. Maynard for his masterly service in this direction. The purpose Friday evening was to present to the public the attractions of the plan. After an interesting program in the chapel the company largely repaired to the physical culture hall, where were exhibited exercises in free movements and Indian clubs by ladies, and high-jumping, vaulting and fencing by gentlemen. A teacher of physical culture has been engaged for the church people, and three classes have been organized.

But will not these new departures run away with the paramount idea of a church? No, not if there is balance enough in the directing force. And such is the case in Mathewson St. To say nothing of the pastor, the official board is a very remarkable body of men. Then, at a general church and parish meeting there was elected an advisory board of twenty-one men of decided ability to co-operate with the official board whenever it was deemed necessary. This fortifies the church with a double strength.

The last day of the feast was Sunday, the 13th. In the morning a superb sermon, practical and appropriate, was preached by Rev. Wm. Nast Brodbeck, D. D., from Acts 1: 42-47 and Acts 4: 32, 33. His subject was "The Model Church" — which he found in the apostolic church.

At 3:30 Providence Methodists to a full five hundred met in the auditorium in a union love-feast. Dr. Bass led, and was assisted in the opening of the meeting by Rev. J. S. Bridgford and Rev. J. M. Taber. It was a glorious occasion. At 6:30 a vesper service drew out an overflow audience.

The closing sermon was preached by Prof. George K. Morris, D. D., on "The Fullness of Christian Joy," from Psa. 16: 11. It was an elegant piece of sermonic art, and made a fine impression upon the delighted audience. The crowning charm of the whole festival was Dr. Kaufman's statement that provision had been made to meet the entire indebtedness, including the old mortgage of \$9,000.

Thus ended the magnificent feast of dedication.

The Board of Education met on Dec. 2 at 150 Fifth Avenue, New York, for its annual meeting. The report of the corresponding secretary, Dr. C. H. Payne, showed a successful year. The income for the year was \$58,442. It appeared that the loan fund to needy and worthy students is rapidly growing, and aid was extended last year to 1,631 students of twenty-five different nationalities in 134 institutions of learning. The report showed a decrease in the collections for the last year for this fund, but a large increase in the returned loans. Dr. Payne is faithfully conserving this important interest of the church.

The *Advertiser* of this city, in its issue of Dec. 9, contains a characteristic contribution of over a column in length from the pen of President Warren concerning the Bacchante at the Public Library — "An Appeal to the Intelligence of Boston." He says: —

"It is my deliberate judgment that even if the fundamental conception of the work had been wholly unobjectionable, it could not have become associated in the public mind with banal expressions of impure wit in the comic papers and sensational dailies and police gazettes of the country from sea to sea, as has this Bacchante, without thereby becoming irredeemably vulgarized and vulgarizing."

#### REV. C. N. SMITH.

Rev. E. H. Hughes.

REV. CHARLES N. SMITH, one of the honored superannuates of the New England Conference, came on Monday of this week to the 80th anniversary of his birth. In the evening a company of friends from his home church — the Centre Church, Maiden — called at his home and gave the event a worthy recognition. Eighty coins of that metal whose brightness and value make it typical of Mr. Smith's life, were given into his hands, while the overflow of the people's generous appreciation was given to the good wife. These beloved servants of the church were greatly surprised by the presence and tokens of their friends, but felt anew the delights of Christian friendship as the pastor of Centre Church spoke the love of the people. Mr. Smith has been connected with the Maiden Church for about seven years. Through the most of that time he has been unable to render any extended or trying public service; the congregation, however, eagerly waits upon his words and feels that his mere presence is a blessing. It was a joy to them all that in connection with the recent anniversary he was able to close the principal public service with the apostolic benediction. After all, there is no greater preacher than saintly character.

Charles N. Smith joined the Vermont Conference in 1842. That Conference then included Vermont and New Hampshire. Upon its division, shortly afterwards, he fell within the Vermont bounds. After two remarkably successful pastorates his health failed, and in 1846, at the suggestion of a physician and by the call of the church, he was transferred to the New Hampshire Conference and stationed at Newmarket, where it was hoped the nearness to the sea air would be beneficial. From 1846 down to 1886 — forty years — his life was characterized by feeble health and strong service. In an issue of the *Christian Advocate* a few years ago he was mentioned by the editor as a marked case of a minister in feeble health living and serving far beyond the time of many healthy contemporaries. His ministerial record shows several dates when he was without a charge — in every case explained by ill-health. Twice an agent for religious causes, once located, twice superannuated, and finally superannuated, he has always had to struggle against the hindrance of poor health. In 1859 he was located at his own request. Three years later he was urged to take work in the New England Conference. He consented to take "a light charge," but, much

to his surprise, was sent to Lynn Common. He refused to be transferred, owing to a then prevailing prejudice against the transfer system; but in 1890 the New England Conference unanimously elected him to membership. Since that time he has served some of our best churches — Hanover St., Bromfield St., Trinity, Charlestown, and others. Twice he has been presiding elder, once in New Hampshire on the Concord



Rev. C. N. Smith.

District, and once on the Lowell District, New England Conference — a district which existed for but one year. Throughout his ministry his work has been heroic, forceful and lasting, and his name is gratefully mentioned in all his fields of labor.

Mr. Smith has combined qualities in his work that are not often found together: He has been both an evangelist and an educator in the pastoral sense. Sweeping revivals have often attended his labors, and the ripest Christians found themselves growing under his teaching. He has also been tender and properly emotional, and has yet been a rigid scholar and enforcer of the Discipline. He has been widely known as "an ecclesiastical lawyer," and his word on church law has ever had great weight. His hosts of friends among laity and clergy congratulate him on his eightieth anniversary and pray that God's peace may be upon his declining years.

## J. R. Miller, D.D.

in

## The Sunday School Times

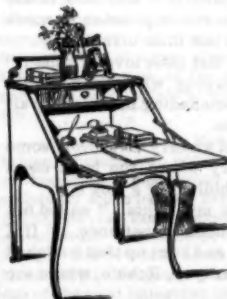
During 1897, Dr. Miller, whose devotional books have already reached a circulation of over half a million copies, will write in his helpful, personal way a series of articles for THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TIMES. His theme will be "The Devotional Side of the Sunday-School Teacher's Work." These articles will, of themselves, be invaluable to Sunday-school workers, and will help wonderfully to make lesson-preparation and lesson-teaching effective. Other articles will be contributed during the year by such Sunday-school workers as Justice David J. Brewer, B. F. Jacobs, William Reynolds, Dr. James A. Worden, Dr. J. L. Hurlbut, Mrs. W. F. Crafts, Miss Bertha F. Vella, Alfred Day, W. H. Hall, and George W. Pease.

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As a part of our Christmas advertising we have decided to offer a complete piece of furniture for \$5, simply to draw immense crowds to our warehouses during the two weeks of Holiday shopping.

The piece selected is this fine Colonial Desk.

We print the price again, that there may be no mistake — FIVE DOLLARS! \$15 for a similar desk was the price until last Christmas, when it went down to \$10, at which figure we sold hundreds, so great was the demand.

As our special Christmas leader for 1896 we shall sell a limited number of these desks (in either oak or imitation mahogany) at \$5. The price scarcely pays for the materials.

Only one desk sold to any one customer. This price is quoted for Dec. 7th to 24th only, and cannot be continued later.

SPECIFICATIONS. — Complete interior arrangement of pigeonholes, drawer, racks, etc. Full width overhang, giving a writing surface 26 inches deep and 27 inches wide. Lid stoutly supported on double brass sliders. Top shelf for books. Outside drawer.

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ON THE PREMISES

Macular Parker Company  
PROVIDENCE



## The Family.

### THE DELIVERANCE OF HAARLEM.

Minnie Leona Upton.

Sunk 'neath the water's level behind her sturdy dykes,  
Gained which the German Ocean with baffled fury strikes,  
Lies queer old Holland, braving the stern sea's angry frown.  
Wouldst hear a tale of Haarlem, her quaintest, queerest town?  
Wars of the Middle Ages scarred deep its grim old wall  
That faced the proud invaders — faced and defied them all.  
Surrounded by the Spaniards the town in league lay,  
Held by its brave defenders — German and Dutch were they.  
Outside its walls the Spaniards, full thirty thousand strong,  
Awaited its surrender, and they had waited long.  
Fair Haarden, aye, and Zutphen, before the foe had knelt;  
Small mercy for their victims the cruel conquerors felt;  
And Haarlem's brave defenders resolved, if die they must,  
It should be stoutly fighting, and so they held their trust,  
Until the Duke of Alva resolved by stratagem  
To seize the haughty city that would not yield to them.

The eve of "Merrie Christmas" fell starless, drear and chill,  
Yet many Haarlem households were merry-making still,  
For there the German soldiers had brought a tale of home —  
The legend of the "Christ-tree" — across the ocean's foam.  
And so the Haarlem children were gladdened by a sight  
Such as they never dreamed of on that eventful night.  
Within a lofty mansion, the home of Herr Von Merk,  
A group of German soldiers made merry with their work,  
Decking the highest chamber, that overlooked the wall,  
With evergreen, while towered the great tree over all.  
Lit with a hundred candles, it stood in radiant glow,  
And all was light and laughter — when from the street below  
The clash of swords rang shrilly, fierce war cries rose o'er all —  
"The Spaniards!" In the darkness the foe had scaled the wall!  
Then Captain Karl wide open the heavy shutters dashed —  
Out through the inky darkness a hundred candles flashed  
With dazzling light. The Spaniards, bewildered by the glare  
Upon the armored soldiers, thought they were in a snare.  
Back, back, in wild disorder they, unresisting, fled,  
And, in their headlong terror, stayed not to take their dead.  
Three hundred years have vanished; the story still lives on  
Within a nation's annals, and will till time is gone.  
And still, in happy Haarlem, when falls the Christmastide,  
'Tis told in reverent accents at every fireside.  
And still her arms and motto are these — a tree alight,  
"Ein feste burg" wrought quaintly athwart its branches bright.  
Boston, Mass.

### Thoughts for the Thoughtful.

#### Christmastide.

For winter holds a rapture keen and deep,  
Bearing the joys of centuries as its own;  
Knowing its sacred claim to crowning place  
In the year's triumph, since its sun first shone  
Upon the Immortal Child's immortal face:  
Nor can the glory ever be outgrown.  
Therefore December's wonder and its grace.  
— Clara E. Whitton-Stone.

The deeper Christians we become, the more profound and rich in its associations and suggestions becomes Christmas Day. The more Christ is to us, the more this day, which gathers His whole life up and holds it in the light, must mean. Each year, if that figure in history becomes more central, the first appearance of it on the outskirts of history must grow more interesting. Each year, if our salvation by the Saviour grows more complete, the day when unto us in the city of David was born a Saviour must break upon our lives with more mysterious and gracious power. — Phillips Brooks.

Let the secret of our Christmas cheer be ever found in the sublime fact that for a Redeemer we have not some dread archangel with a nature foreign to humanity, but that instead we have One whose sympathetic human heart beats for and with our

human affections and desires — a Redeemer having human tears to shed for human woes, a Redeemer with a mighty human hand to grasp our own and lift us up from the mire and the misery of sin to the rock of unshaking truth and eternal peace. This is the secret of our Christmas joy; and for this forever blessed be His name! — *Christian Work*.

We want a better Christmas, less commercial, less conventional, more spontaneous. Each year it should grow better and better, each year bring purer joys and nobler impulses. We can hardly dream what it is to the poor who would rather give up all the other days in the year than this delightful Christmas Day, that beams across the barren waste of their lives as a glowing fire to the cold and hungry. We have stood in many rich and gilded rooms loaded with toys, where the Christmas Christ was not, but have always found Him in the little Sunday-school festival where the young eyes of poor children glisten as they look at the loaded tree sparkling with lights. Blessed is he who gives joy to a child, and blessed is he who teaches a child to give joy to others less fortunate than himself. The old, who, by reason of cares and sorrows and doubts and fears, have outgrown Christmas, still need it to put them in touch with youth, the pure and ardent spirit of joy and love and unselfishness. But no compulsory giving is good giving. Take Christmas into your heart, and let it warm you until you are glad to give. — *Christian Register*.

They found the crowded inn, the oxen's shed.  
No pomp was there, no glory shone around  
On the coarse straw that strewed the reeking ground;  
One dim retreat a flickering torch betrayed, —  
In that poor cell the Lord of Life was laid!

The wondering shepherds told their breathless tale  
Of the bright choir that woke the sleeping vale;  
Told how the skies with sudden glory flamed,  
Told how the shining multitude proclaimed,  
"Joy, joy to earth! Behold the hallowed morn!  
In David's city Christ the Lord is born!"

They spoke with hurried words and accents wild;  
Calm in His cradle slept the heavenly Child.  
No trembling word the mother's joy revealed,  
One sigh of rapture, and her lips were sealed;  
Unmoved she saw the rustic train depart,  
But kept their words to ponder in her heart.  
— Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Why was Mary herself, the chosen mother of the Son of God, doomed to the lowliness of the manger and the great final grief of the cross, and why was the redemption of the world wrought out through such pain? Why does all that is best in our lives come through struggle, agony, disappointment? We cannot fully understand it, but we see what the Divine law is, in this sin-cursed earth. Without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sin, and without pain and sacrifice there is no moral elevation. The way of the cross is the way to the crown; what we lose we gain; by dying we live; by giving up life we save it to life eternal. Bethlehem and Calvary are one in their disclosure of God's infinite love, His willingness to suffer for us and with us. Blessed be the light which hath shined out of darkness, the day-spring from on high which illumines our journey from the cradle to the grave! And blessed are they who, having learned the secret of the life of Jesus, can meet with calm and joyful, with hopeful and loving hearts, whatever God may send them, while the Divine love constrains them to do whatever God commands. — *J. H. Barrows, D. D.*

It is an open secret. I read part of it the other day in *Tiffany's*, where I saw happy-faced men and women buying the most beautiful things, golden, silver, jeweled articles of luxury and elegance, to make dear ones happy on Christmas morn. I read it in the Sunday-schools, fast filling, these winter Sundays that anticipate Christmas, with children to whom the Christmas festival is the high-water mark of gladness for the year. I read it in the toy-shops, where the girl who has a household of dolls at home looks eagerly and wistfully in the hope of the twentieth, and the girl whose one doll is a bundle made of a bit of wood and her mother's shawl gazes hungrily, as Cosette did, you remember, at the "lady" in the window, the doll she does not hope or aspire to, yet loves and adores. I read it in the markets, in the Christmas holly, pine, and fir, in the pretty mysteries of gift-making, and the sweet surprises. Dear, happy secret of unselfish love, that is spelled again, learned again, recited again, by old and young, by rich and poor, by small and great, at Christmastide: "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." — *Margaret E. Sangster*.

Men are more eager, restless, inquiring, than on the first Christmas Day; life is more strenuous and exacting. There are more problems to be solved, more questions to be answered, more sacrifices to be made, more work to be done, than ever before. For the Christ came, bringing not peace but a sword; came not to give more contentment with present attainment, but divine discontent; not to give society repose in imperfection, but the constant necessity to seek something nobler than it possesses. It was a terrible test which was applied to the world when Christ was born in Bethlehem; it was subjecting the real to the silent but relentless judgment of the ideal. If He had spoken no word of teach-

ing, but had gone His quiet way and in hidden paths let the sweetness and holiness and power of His nature find expression in common relations and simple ministries, He would still have brought all men to judgment. For in Him not only was God revealed, but the prophecy in every man was fulfilled. He remains the only ideal yet completely realized in this imperfect world, and He has become the divinest type of character known to men. Because He lived and spoke and died, the world has never rested and can never rest this side of perfection. Men must strive so long as the world stands, society must struggle toward juster laws and purer forms, the church must agonize more and more over the sorrows and sins of a humanity which it is commissioned to sustain and guide. Not peace, but the holy strife against selfishness in all its myriad forms; not rest, but divine discontent with present achievements and unbroken endeavor to surpass them — this is the heritage of the first Christmas. — *The Outlook*.

### "I WILL CAUSE HIM TO DRAW NEAR."

Mrs. Harriet A. Cheever.

"BLESS his cunning little heart and soul! He shall have just the smartest little barque that his grandad can make him, and the skill ain't quite gone out the old man's hands yet — see if it has!"

"Goin' make Robbie a boat, grandad? — a sweet 'little witch of a boat, is you?"

"Yes, sir! Just that. The finest little witch of a boat your dear little peepers ever saw."

The little lad giggled with satisfaction and shook about his wealth of yellow curls.

The year before, Robbie's father had died, and his mother, who was Capt. Gleason's only child, had come with her three-year-old boy to her old home to live. A grief it had been to the sturdy captain and his good wife to part with their only child, although she went blithely forth to a distant State with the man of her choice. A like story has often been told — four happy years, then widowhood. O thou Angel of Death, into what place however sanctified canst thou not enter?

Now Robbie was four years old, and for a good twelve months had been steadily walking right into his grandfather's heart, until there grew something pathetic in the sturdy old captain's devotion to the golden-haired child.

Capt. Gleason had not married early in life. Like many another shipmaster he had been bent on gaining first the highest position as a seaman, then had traded on his own account, and finally had married happily when in his forties and "very well off." He experienced just a shade of disappointment when on returning from a voyage not long afterwards he found it was a dear little girl that had fluttered to the home nest, and not a son. But as the little lass grew and soon twined her arms about his neck, he was heard to say more than once, "Well, bless a child anyhow!"

And now when he was growing old came this little gleesome, frolicsome, winsome, affectionate lad. Ah, a little lad! Old enough to take his grandad's hand and go walking out of a fine day for everybody to see what a fine little man old Capt. Gleason could lay claim to. The unavoidable strut of the quarter deck seemed to intensify itself as the proud old grandfather stalked along, his stout cane with its solid gold top — one gift of appreciative ship owners — in one hand, and holding by the other the radiant boy who, the old man used jocosely to say, would drive him into hiring a whole ship's crew to help answer his questions.

Ah! but he loved the boy! He had long since given up the sea — "his first love," he still fondly called it — and now it was getting to be a favorite expression to speak of Robbie as his "last little love."

"Where's that last little love o' mine?" he called one morning when the cold rain outside made promenading in the chilly air out of the question.

"Coop!" called a merry voice from some cubby of the library where the book-cases admitted of easy hiding for a tiny boy.

"Oh, now, bless my lights!" called out the captain, in mock impatience. "If I haven't got to go and hunt up that wetched little mate! Here you, Robbie, where are you, I say?"

"O-o-o-p!" But this time a series of giggles might have guided a blind man to the correct spot. Yet the captain blustered and tore around, sputtering and scolding.

"Just wait till I get hold that mis'erable little frog!" he grunted, "and see how I'll shake him out his little skin!"

At that Robbie lay down to laugh hard enough, and his grandad, pretending to stumble over his little toes, picked him up, holding him at arm's length, while the child

gave a few gasps in his effort to recover from his screams of laughter.

It had been so now every day for a year. From the very first little Robbie, with the subtle instincts of a child, had understood that he and grandad were going to be one and inseparable; and not even mamma with her sweet, sad face could quite so soon drive the griefed cry away after "a naughty fall" as could his "own grandad." Every joy, every little grief, every bit of candy, must be shared with grandad, and when he lay down to sleep grandad must come up while he said his prayer. He would first repeat that sweetest prayer of childhood it often nearly breaks an older heart to hear, yet that we learn afterwards to say last at night ourselves, "Now I lay me;" then he added all of his own accord a verse his grandma once repeated and that he liked so well that he learned it: —

"Gen'ls Jesus, meek an' mild,  
Look 'pon a lil' chile;  
In the king'd'm of Thy grace,  
Grant a lil' chile a place."

That was the way he always said it, pronouncing the words exactly as he did on first learning them.

There was only one place in the world where Robbie went that grandad didn't go too. Alas! Grandma Gleason had so hoped that when Robbie was all dressed in his little fur-trimmed coat and cap and started for his first attendance at church grandad would yield and go with his darling boy. But no; it is a hard thing to record, but the truth is, that first intended trip to church on Robbie's part had to be given up. Grandad could not be coaxed or persuaded to accompany him, and the child burst into such paroxysms of tears at "leaving his own grandad home all 'lone," that he could not be comforted.

He sobbed himself to sleep on his grandfather's shoulder after his mamma and grandma had gone without him. During the week his mamma had little talks showing him that "church" was a good place where grandad did not choose to go, but wanted Robbie to go with her like a good boy. Then it transpired that at least a dozen times each day the loving little fellow asked his grandad with an anxious face if he was "sure, reely, tooly sure, he wanted Robbie to go to naughty church without his own grandad." And he was assured it was best he should go with mamma, and that church was a nice place for little boys.

"First-rate place for women and children," laughed the captain later, when alone with his wife, "but I can't be drawn inside; not yet, even to please my dear last little love."

His prudent wife sighed, but said nothing. Why is it that men sound in principle, sturdy of heart, stern in rectitude, men who go down to the sea in ships and "see the works of the Lord and His wonders in the deep," seem yet oftentimes the ones to bar their hearts against the entrance of all religious light? Is it that they ride so oft at peril of their lives that the danger grows accustomed? Oh, cannot they see for themselves that it is the encircling arm of Almighty God that protects and guards them every day? And this had been the Christian wife's prayer for years — that her husband, kind, provident, upright, yet apparently caring nothing for the God who made him, might be brought into the only really safe shelter there is. Yes; for long years had she prayed, all through their own child's childhood and her maturer years, but "the mills of God grind slowly." Aye, but they grind patiently on.

This rainy day in autumn when there was no walk abroad for grandad and Robbie, after the merry child had been captured, he was taken to the bathroom to see a tiny vessel propel itself from one end of the bath-tub to the other. Some latent instinct sprang into recognition at the sight — the instinct of the seaman, perhaps, descending from grandad to grandson; but with all his playroom full of toys, never had Robbie been so fascinated before. Until he ached his grandad guided the little craft, and only the dinner bell induced the child to forego watching his beautiful new toy.

After dinner, when grandad must have his nap, Bridget must needs fill one of the stationary tubs in the kitchen, and till his early supper hour the satisfied child watched his precious little boat. This led his grandad to rashly promise a gift of a far finer vessel, rigged with masts, which could be sailed in the pond in mild weather; and thus we are brought back to the conversation with which our story begins.

"It shall be your Christmas present from grandad," he repeated, "a sweet little



witch of a boat indeed. Oh, we shall see what we shall see!"

But Robbie was not to see the pretty mimic barque until Christmas came, and he never dreamed that grandad in his "workshop," as he called a room at the top of the house, was constructing the trim craft so near at hand. It would not do for Master Robbie to find that out.

It grew to be a kind of Arabian Nights' attraction to the child, and scarcely less a one to the grandaids. The deftly-fashioned boat grew stately and fair under the captain's well-trained fingers. For more than a month he "wrought with care," until just before Christmas, something like eight days before, it was completed—all but the gay streamers that were to profusely decorate its comely sides. The stories concerning it that Robbie never tired of hearing still rolled glibly from grandad's tongue.

Capt. Gleason was donning his great coat to go for the narrow ribbons for streamers when his daughter met him in the hall and asked if he would please have Dr. Warren call. "I don't like Robbie's appearance," she said; "he has been hot and flushed ever since he got up this morning, and is irritable, which is so unusual with him. I am anxious, and want the doctor."

The captain's heart gave an uneasy pound as he recalled a peevish cry that his precious little lad had given when he had playfully asked him that morning if he supposed a great big man like grandad could love a "bit boy" like him. And the child had kept on fretting until he said: "O fie, don't be grandad's little squeaky baby!"

"Oh, was I rough?" the burly man asked himself in sudden trepidation. But he knew he was not. No; never a word but of fondest endearment had he ever spoken to his last little love. Thank God for that!

Oh, but those eight days! No need to dwell on them here. You know of them only too well, all you mothers whose very lives have seemed once trembling in the balance in unison with the priceless life you seemed dying to save. Then came the night of all, Christmas Eve. Ah! solemn night! The doctor would not give a word of encouragement, neither would he say that hope had departed. All day the little motionless figure had lain quiet, a mat of tangled yellow curls gathered in a mass on the beautiful head; no consciousness left, although the fever has run its course.

"I'm afraid it will drive father wild if he leaves us," said Mrs. Gleason, as she supported her poor daughter's trembling form.

"It may do far better for him than that, mother."

The faith of the Christian asserted itself even then.

Capt. Gleason had been in a strange state all day. Once he went to the "workshop" for something, but he staggered out of it at sight of Robbie's barque, the ribbon streamers lying untouched beside it, just where he had left them that day he called the doctor.

Evening advanced. The doctor had said "a change" would come about bedtime. It seemed near. They grouped themselves about the lovely little form. On poor grandad's brow the veins stood like cords, his strong face drawn with suffering.

All at once there was the least stir; another; then a little voice thin as a thread struggled out:—

"Grant—ill!—chill—place!"

There was a more pronounced stir. Down went poor grandad on his knees, and there, right in the middle of the floor, with hands upraised he sobbed forth:—

"Lord God, have mercy on us all! Where art Thou, Lord? O do in mercy draw nigh! O spare the lad—our little lad! His grandad's heart's delight! Our one wee bit of a little man! I've got no right to ask it, but something's pulling me right up to the Throne. There isn't any one else goin' to save my little darlin', and all along I've known Thy power. Lord God, have mercy!"

The prayer ended as it began. Along somewhere an hour later the weak little voice tried at intervals to say: "Gen'le Jesus—gen'le Jesus—Jesus—"

When the doctor came at midnight he said the child was going to live.

When morning dawned—Christmas morning—no one thought best to say much to Capt. Gleason. That he never did anything by halves his wife and daughter knew well; that he sometimes liked to do things in his own way, they knew equally well.

After breakfast he disappeared, and he was gone so long his wife crept softly about

trying to find him. She opened the door of the workshop without his hearing her. He was tying bright knots of ribbon all over a beautiful mimic barque, at the same time pouring out broken acknowledgments of past unworthiness and neglect. He thought himself alone with his Maker. His wife left him so.

When Robbie—dear, beautiful Robbie—was next dressed for church, grandad stood ready to take his precious little hand and go with him.

"Does you love the good church now, grandad?" he asked.

"Yes, Robbie, grandad loves it very much, and he wants his little lad to love it always."

The bright child pondered a moment, his little memory at work.

"When did you begin to love it, grandad?"

"I began on Christmas Day, Robbie."

"What made you, grandad?"

"Because of God's merciful, merciful gifts that day."

Newton, Mass.

#### CHRISTMAS ECONOMY.

NOW, I am a tremendous believer in economy, and have a suspicion that if we practiced the virtue a little more during the holiday season, we should be happier in June or July. I suppose this might be taken as rank heresy, in the season of gifts. The question is—when is generosity wiser than economy?

For instance, when a carpenter drops a wire nail, nine times out of ten he stoops to pick it up under the instinct of thrift. He may be thrifty, but he is not economical. The money value of an individual six-penny is \$0.0077. Suppose it takes the carpenter, at quickest, five seconds to pick up that nail, it will cost to recover it .034 of a cent, calculating that you pay the carpenter twenty-five cents an hour, which is a minimum price. So he expends five times the value of a nail in picking it up. Obviously, this is false economy. It is cheaper to let that nail go to waste. We unconsciously practice false economies in many different ways. If we could only reduce these false economies to figures we would lead saner lives. We save a five-cent car fare, and contract a twenty-dollar cold. We live on tea and toast, or coffee and cigars, and lose a bargain or a situation as a consequence. Good work demands good food. Scrimping of the first will entail a disproportionate loss of the second. This is cardinal. We save fifty cents or a dollar on an office call at the first symptoms of an influenza, and we run up a sixty-dollar gripe. We wear our worn flannels, or go without furs, in order to buy a Japanese plaque or a hand-painted blotter that nobody ever dares to use, to give as a Christmas present to one, who, if she is a friend, would rather go without it than have it at such a disproportionate cost. If we can afford, without expense to our health or without unduly draining our reserve force, to give a present, and we do it spontaneously and happily, then the spirit of the holy season is in us. It is not in us when we give under the lash of precedent or of family or social tradition, wearing a scowl in the heart. In such a case economy is wiser than generosity, and more honest. — HERBERT D. WARD, in *Interior*.

#### About Women.

— Miss Rena Challener, of Menistee, Mich., is said to be the only forewoman of a press-room in America. She belongs to Typographical Union No. 29, and is a member of the Woman's Club of Michigan.

— The many readers of Miss Alice French's "Octave Thanet's"—writings will regret to learn of her recent loss by the burning of her winter residence at Elmwood, Ark., involving the destruction of her valuable library.

— Helen Keller, the deaf, dumb and blind girl, has added to her other achievements that of riding a bicycle through the streets of Cambridge. It is, to be sure, a "tandem," and her companion does the steering, but, as showing the possibility of a new pleasure for the blind, this latest triumph of the famous mute is regarded as an important as well as an interesting one.

— Mrs. Lewis and Mrs. Gibson, of Cambridge, England, two widowed sisters, who are celebrated for the discovery of Biblical manuscripts on Mount Sinai, have given a site and £20,000 for the Presbyterian College to be removed from Bloomsbury, London, to Cambridge. It is this Mrs. Lewis whose article entitled "What Language did Christ Speak?" is one of the most important contributions to the Christmas Century.

— Miss Martha Ornstein, a young Viennese girl, is the winner of the competitive scholarship at Barnard College this year. Miss Ornstein came to this country a year ago, unable to speak a word of English. In the competitive examination her English paper was exceptionally good—decidedly better than any offered by American girls. She is only seventeen.

— The ladies' board of the Free Hospital for Women held a fair at the Vendome, Boston, on

Nov. 30 and Dec. 1, in aid of this institution. Two hundred and sixty-one poor women were treated last year in the hospital. In the outpatient department there were 8,400 cases. This hospital is supported by voluntary contributions. It is absolutely free, and accessible to suffering women from every creed and nationality.

#### CHRISTINA'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

"HAVE you made your Christmas list, Tina? What are you going to give Aunt Choate this year? She gives such beautiful Christmas presents that it is quite discouraging to think of any return that we can make. What does she care for our bags and glove-menders and lamp-shades? But you always have ideas, Tina, and you are generous with them, too."

"Well, I have a perfectly new idea now—or rather, an old idea has pursued me with such persistence that I am going to put it in practice this Christmas. I am going to give her nothing."

"Why! how can you? You are her pet and favorite, and to single her out for such a distinction! You might as well give nothing to Don, or Rose, or to—to me!"

"You are all to share in the distinction, never fear. She will have good company."

"You, who have always scrupulously defended your Christmas fund from all encroachments! You, who have made so much of what you had, and have given so many pleasant surprises, and made such palpable hits with your gifts! Have you been speculating, Christina?"

"No; I have been meditating, and my Christmas fund is more than ever sacred. How many Christmas presents did you have last year, Marian?"

"Oh, about forty, some very handsome ones, too. Some duplicates, some 'dogs,' and some that I oughtn't to have had at all. I had a special reason for wishing to give the Nelsons something the year before, and it seemed to come just right, though I had never done it till then; and to my annoyance, they, who had never given me anything, and who, in their circumstances, really ought not to do so, sent me something last year. It went hard, but what could I do?"

"Yes, I know. I have become involved in that way, and it is humiliating, baffling. It turns the sweet Christmas spirit topsy-turvy. And there are other things that perturb the mind not a little, in a circle where every one has almost everything to begin with, and is sure to have thirty-nine presents beside the one you are distractedly trying to conjure up as a suitable and original and unexpected offering on your part."

"I hate to think of it in that way. Besides, as I say, what can you do? Shall you announce that you are not going to give presents in your own set, so as not to be mortified by receiving when you are not—Well, I know that sounds crude, for, of course, most of us would!"

"Would what? The year that Cousin Jane took that house at Deepford and furnished it was a poor year for her, and, being an honest woman, she gave no Christmas presents. The next year her list of presents received fell off more than half. Imagine the shock of the inevitable inference to a delicate mind! No; I shall not sound a trumpet before me. I shall just let it take care of itself. Time will right it, and if I have mortifications, they will also be revelations. Light is better than darkness, even if the first influx be momentarily blinding. But do tell me what you meant by having 'dogs' among your Christmas presents?"

"Oh! that is an old family by-word. Years ago, when Christmas shopping was a much simpler affair than it is now, and when modern bric-a-brac had not been thought of in this country, grandmother and Aunt Hannah were mildly prowling about on Market Street before New Year, and they lighted on a lot of china dogs, a mongrel breed, white and gilt, but quite a bargain, they thought. So they bought up a supply of them, to fill any gaps that might occur unexpectedly in the apportionment of gifts. Of course it leaked out, and, to this day, a gift that is not specially designed for the recipient, but is merely a make-shift, is a 'dog,' with us."

"Delicious! I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word."

No one—except the charmed Recording Angel—saw Christina's Christmas list, but certain unexpected pleasures, reliefs, rescues, that came to lonely and burdened and imperiled ones that year of grace, could have had no other source. A little journey and a fortnight's vacation among dear old friends were made possible to an overwrought and unnoticed woman; an opportunity to hear the Christmas oratorio came to a starving lover of music; a Christmas loan of a good new coat at once, to the widow's slender boy, who was shivering while his slow savings accumulated; a trained nurse for a week just at the turn of that fever, when the agonized watchers were almost as wan as their hardly-saved darling; an illustrated magazine that went to brighten the long, lonely winter evenings on a New Hampshire hill-top, and to make the barren village post-office a personal benefactor each month in the year; *Babylonia* over whose pages wondering and unaccustomed baby eyes went with delight, and on whose simple tales and rhymes the tired mothers leaned in those bewildered moments when the royal mandate, "Tell us a story!" put all their small inventions to flight; these and such as these were the outcome of Christina's Christmas list. — MARY J. JACQUES, in *Woman's Journal*.

#### Boys and Girls.

##### THE CHILD OF BETHLEHEM.

Emma A. Lentz.

Oh, listen, little children, while a story I shall tell,  
It is no new, new story, but one you know quite well;  
But each year makes it sweeter, more real and more dear,  
It can't be told too often, nor too often can you hear.

Upon a strange and far-off town one quiet, solemn night  
Almost two thousand years ago, there shone a wondrous light;  
A new star had arisen, and it moved along the air,  
Till it stood above the manger-bed where lay a Baby fair.

The tired, patient beasts moved down to make for him a place—  
The little stranger guest from heaven who might any palace grace;  
His mother leaned above him with such loving, wondering eyes,  
The Wise Men knelt before His feet in rapt and glad surprise.

And out along the winding streets and o'er the shepherd's plains,  
There floated sounds of music sweet—such rare and thrilling strains;  
While light streamed down from heaven till the watchers of the sheep  
Were filled with awe and questioning, and wonder strange and deep.

And they hushed their hearts' wild beating an angel's voice to hear,  
And he told his loving message, and the chorus high and clear  
Was caught and sung by multitudes of seraphs in the sky,  
And mortal ears had never heard such glorious minstrelsy.

Filled with delight the shepherds ran the little Child to greet;  
The costly gifts the Magi brought lay round about His feet;  
And calm He slept and sweet He smiled, and all the lowly place  
Was filled with breath of incense, and with majesty and grace.

And now each year with willing hands we deck His birthday tree,  
And tell the story o'er and o'er, so dear to you and me;  
We sing the joyous carols while the glad bells swing and sway,  
The little Child of Bethlehem is King of heaven today!

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

##### ELSIE'S CHRISTMAS FRIGHT.

"THIS little Elsie girl wants a muff," said Santa Claus, looking up at the little Christmas tree and down at his brimful pack.

"Let me see! here's a gray one and a brown one; a speckled one—and—ah! here's the muff for Elsie!" and the good old Santa pulled out a soft white muff with a pink silk lining and little pink silk tassels. But while Santa Claus had been fastening the muff to a branch of the tree, little Miss Mousie had been watching from a hole in the closet floor.

"I wonder what that is?" thought she, and away she went to see as soon as ever Santa Claus was out of sight.

"How soft and warm!" said she, as she rubbed her nose against the soft fur. "And that pink silk! I like that, too! It is like the toes and the noses of the baby mice. I wonder why it wouldn't make a nice warm bed; I'm very sleepy, too, just now, I think I'll take a nap."

Mousie never knew how long she slept; but the next thing she knew a troop of children had burst into the room, and somebody reached up and untied the muff. How mousie's heart beat! She wished she were in the closet again.

"Here, Elsie, this is for you," said the kind voice; and in a second two little chubby hands were thrust into the two ends of the muff.

"Quee! quee!" squeaked mousie. "Oh! Oh! Oh!" screamed Elsie. Then such a confusion as followed! Everybody screamed, and mousie ran as fast as ever she could around the room, out into the hall, up the stairs! Luckily the garret door was open and mousie never even stopped for breath until she was safe beneath the eaves.

"Where did that mouse go?" Elsie used to wonder.

"What made the people scream?" the mouse used to wonder; for it was a long time before either Elsie or mousie forgot the fright they had given each other the night of the Christmas tree. — *Primary Education*.

##### AN UP-TO-DATE SANTA CLAUS.

When Santa Claus came to town last year, His deer,  
Tie said, Struck a live wire and fell down dead.

Poor Santa felt sad to lose them so, I know;  
But he Was not of the kind to give up, you see.

So he rigged up his sleigh like a trolley-car, And far  
That night, Via telegraph wires, he took his flight;

To each little child in bed He sped,  
Nor missed A single one of all the list.

But this year he's going to take in hand A brand-  
New way, And deliver his goods in a horseless sleigh.  
— H. G. PAINE, in *Harper's Round Table*.



## Editorial.

## THE TRUE GIVING.

IT is strange that so few people know, or ever come to learn, how little it really costs, measured by the standard of dollars and cents, to make the most acceptable Christmas gift that one human heart can render to another. Year after year we go lamenting that we cannot give this one and that one anything, because we have so few pennies to spend that we really couldn't buy them anything they would regard or value. What a shallow estimate of the meaning and worth of a gift! Only the trivial, meagre thing itself considered—the infinite, yearning, loving, sympathetic heart behind it not in evidence at all!

If the soul with the Christmas spirit in it could only realize how other souls, with the Christmas spirit in them, value the gifts of sympathy! Anything that shows that a person loves them and thinks of them, is dear, is priceless, to one's true and sincere friends. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it is the forgetting, or seeming to forget, that wounds and disappoints, not the remembering with something whose money value, perhaps, is less than that of the postage stamp that brings it. A penny Christmas card has often carried more joy to the heart of one who loves you than the costliest gift that comes to him merely as a matter of exchange.

The true gift, after all, is simply an expression of the heart. If the heart speaks through it, that is enough. That is the essential thing. People who neglect their dear ones because they think the gift should always equal the feeling that prompts it, are blind to the true meaning of giving. All that love asks is remembrance. Any little token of sympathy carries with it all that the truly loving spirit longs for. Give, then, out of the heart, and know that, whatever the gift may be, you have realized the true meaning of Christmas.

## CHRISTMAS RECEIVING.

EVERY year, when the loved anniversary comes round, we hear a great deal about Christmas giving; and it is a blessed thing that we should, for when the heart overflows with love and gratitude, it is always longing to bestow some good upon others. The giving spirit of Christmas is a fit reflection of the spirit of Him in whose remembrance we observe the day.

Yet there is another side to this Christmas picture, as there is to every other; for, of course, when there is so much Christmas giving, there must be plenty of Christmas receiving also. Few people think of it in that light, perhaps, but this Christmas receiving is almost as important as the Christmas giving in a certain way—in regard to its spirit, we mean. The gift is prompted by love, if it be a true gift; and it ought to be received in love in order to make the giving complete.

This does not always happen—in fact, we are inclined to think that it happens far less frequently than the whole-souled giver imagines, when he puts his heart into his gift. The receiver is too apt to let his feeling be governed by the nature and value of the thing he receives. The giver and his love are forgotten in the selfish disappointment or pleasure inspired by the gift itself. The face brightens or clouds, not according to the expression of the giver's spirit and interest, but according to the character and material worth of the thing which has been received.

Everybody knows how susceptible children are to this kind of feeling—how they will laugh or cry, on Christmas morning, according as they are pleased or disappointed with their little gifts, unmindful of the parent-love that flowed out to them so tenderly and so abundantly in planning for, and procuring, and giving the toys that filled their stockings. But children are not alone in their lack of appreciation of the meaning and value of a gift made in love. Too many grown people, alas! lack the true grace of receiving. Many a Christian man and woman, even, allows the gift to obscure the giver, the deed to outshine the spirit.

What a pitiful, selfish mood it is, when you come to think of it! The smallest, most contemptible greed cropping out in a heart where love has tried to sow the fairest seeds of kindness! Ah! let us beware of this meanest of Christmas spirits! No matter what the gift may be, so it is sent in love, let us receive it in the same Christ-like, grateful spirit. The gift is nothing; the love behind it is everything. If Christ-

mas meant anything less than this, what a travesty it would be upon the love of our Lord!

## A CONSECRATED OUTLOOK.

CHRISTMAS lies so close to the threshold of the new year that it is almost impossible for a thoughtful person not to look forward a little, even from this day of days in the Christian calendar, to anticipate the new hopes and responsibilities that are about to enter into one's life. It is a kind of hallowed forecast of the future that one makes from the standpoint of our Lord's birthday. The Christmas outlook upon the new year is more likely to be one of consecration than the later outlook of the first day of the first month. We naturally bring more of the religious spirit into the Christmas contemplation of the new year, while the anniversary that follows is given up, in accordance with its origin and established character, to secular plans and resolves, or to the taking of merely moral vows in the strength of one's own will and one's own self-confidence. New Year's is the day when a man stands confidently facing the future, saying: "I will do this, and I will cease doing that." Christmas is the day when he kneels in his chamber and humbly asks God to help him keep this good resolve and break that bad habit. It is the difference between the pagan outlook and the Christian outlook; between the attitude of the soul on a day which is essentially a secular holiday and on a day which is confessedly a Christian holy-day.

Let us make it part of the function of Christmas, then, to consecrate the new year. We cannot now help looking forward to 1897, for it is already at our doors. We are making our plans for it; we are getting ready for the changes and the fresh opportunities which it is to introduce into many of our lives. On this Christmas Day, then, which ought to mean so much to us as a Christian anniversary, let us try to extend the religious spirit, that warms and uplifts our hearts, into the new-dawning year. So may we consecrate it, in holy thought, in prayer, in humble, trustful resolve. So may we prepare to live a Christian year, the light of whose first morning shall dawn upon hopes and plans and activities already hallowed and blessed of God.

## THE BENEDICTION OF THE BABE

THE coming of Christmas is the benediction of the Babe of Bethlehem. It lays upon us the touch of the tender past, and carries us back to the birth with which Christianity began. That birth was a divine sign to the Jews, who always required a sign. It is right enough to ask for a sign, but one does not always recognize the right sign when it is given. So it was with the Jews of old. Two signs were offered them, one at the beginning and the other at the end of the life of Jesus. The one at the beginning was the cradle of Christ, and the one at the end was His cross. Either should have been sufficient to satisfy honest seekers after truth. Very beautiful in its sublime simplicity and suggestiveness is the story of how the first sign was offered to the shepherds. They kept their sheep in the open plain near to Bethlehem. It was night, and deep darkness filled the land. Suddenly the glory of the Lord shone round about them, an angel appeared, and the wonderful message fell upon their ears: "Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour." The glory of the Lord and the presence of the angelic host should have been proof enough of the truth of the announcement, but to them is added a sign: "This shall be a sign unto you—ye shall find a Babe." The shepherds rose at once and went to Bethlehem, where they found the Babe, and then they made known concerning the saying. At the cradle they received into their hearts the peace of certainty, and life for them was henceforth lit with the sunshine of a glorious hope.

Men still seek a sign. Each generation takes up the quest with pathetic eagerness. But no new sign is given, because the old ought to be sufficient. The new-born babe in Christ Jesus is the infallible sign of Christianity. In His memorable conversation with Nicodemus the Master emphasized the central truth: "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." Making a man anew is the greatest of miracles, and it is the benediction of the Babe of Bethlehem. It ought to convince even a skeptical age. David Hume, the famous philosopher, argued that the experience of mankind is against the occurrence of miracles, and that the testimony

for miracles is open to so much doubt that the experience must count for more than the testimony. His method of reasoning has still great weight with thoughtful minds. It would be difficult to face if all miracles ceased when the last of the apostles died, but the glory of our religion is the unceasing succession of miracles in the renewing of hearts and lives into the image of the Babe of Bethlehem. The Christ who healed the sick, cured the demoniac, and raised the dead to life, said unto His disciples: "Greater works than these shall ye do." Each conversion is a fulfillment of His words. It is also a re-incarnation of the Babe of Bethlehem.

The benediction of the Babe means the bestowal of the childlike spirit which is the sign of the kingdom of grace. When the disciples came to Jesus asking, "Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven?" He set a little child in the midst of them, and answered, "Verily, I say unto you, except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." The one abiding greatness is the greatness of childlikeness. In presence of it the greatness of wisdom and achievement is but as a shadow that vanishes with the shining out of the sun. To obtain it one has to pass through the spiritual process of crucifixion, in which the pride and arrogance and self-reliance of the old nature is taken away by the power of the cross of Christ, and the tender, trustful spirit of the new nature gently but surely changes the man of time into the babe of eternity.

Once more, the incarnation is the benediction of the Babe of Bethlehem on account of its potency and promise. Great as its power in the past has been, lifting the world out of the darkness of sin into the sunshine of holiness, and hallowing every department of activity with the blessing of the Son of Man, its promise for the future is greater still. The goal towards which it carries the race is nothing short of Godlikeness. Beginning in the proclamation of the fact that God is with man, it points upward to the consummation of man with God and like unto God. Because God came down to earth, man goes up to heaven. That is the benediction of the Babe which transfigures every day of our earthly pilgrimage, but which shines with special brightness during the season of the commemoration of the birth of Christ.

## Dr. John Watson.

OUR religious exchanges team with appreciative mention of Dr. John Watson ("Ian MacIaren"). For the multitude of our readers who are so greatly interested in this rare genius and preacher we had thought to quote at length some of the opinions of our exchanges for a single week, but our limited space will scarcely permit it. The *Northwestern*, after calling attention to the fact that Dr. Watson had declined an offer of \$50,000 from Major Pond for six months' additional service, says:—

"Ian MacIaren" has done much for literature, and for the kindly sympathetic bonds that make this whole human world akin. His "Bonnie Brier Bush" glorifies the sturdy hearts that make Scotland more than coldly historic. We are quite sure that the day has happily gone forever in which it is possible to say that Walter Scott alone has "made Scotland." Trust MacIaren to limn the tender saint, or to prick a sham, whether it be Scotch on his side or on our own side of salt water. "William McClure"—pronounced with nine r's—now outranks the famous Greek almost sainted divinity of our doctors, and "Margaret Howe" stands for all that is saintly, helpful, sacred and memorable among women who as yet have not been put into the calendar of the saints. We defy the critics, and pronounce "Kate Carnegie" one of the most human, natural, consistent and thoroughly bracing stories of the day. "The Upper Chamber" is a model of just spiritual analysis, and "The Mind of the Master" could never have been written by one who is not a friend and intimate of the Christ.

The *Evangelist* says:—

"On Sunday evening last he preached in Dr. Hall's church to as large an audience as could be crowded into that edifice, while hundreds, if not thousands, went away unable to get within hearing distance. The subject was the reality of the invisible as against the materialism of our day, and his argument was to prove that the spiritual was as real as the material world—a train of thought that needs to be emphasized in our country, where men are so absorbed in the affairs of the present life that they are apt to think of them as the only realities. By such appeals to us from the platform and pulpit, Dr. Watson has proved himself an admirable representative of the country to which we are bound by so many ties. It is not Scotch nature alone, but human nature also, that he depicts with voice and pen, and touches those inner chords that make the whole world kin."

The *Congregationalist* states that he has said in reply to the request that he preach twice on Sunday, that he could not endure the fatigue which follows:—

"He could lecture twice a day without experiencing unusual fatigue, but one sermon absolutely exhausted him. He explained this by saying that while the truth must be told in a lecture just as it is in a sermon, yet the sense of responsibility is not so great in the former as in the latter. He always felt while preaching that some man who was listening to him might

never again hear the Gospel, and that the eternal destiny of such a man might depend upon the fidelity with which the truth was then presented."

The *Independent* remarks, after hearing him both lecture and preach:—

"There is another thing very noticeable. Never obtrusively, always thoroughly, Dr. Watson is above all things else a preacher. His stories, with their fun and their pathos, their vivid description and quaint language, have the same characteristics as his sermons and lectures. He is filled with the thought of helping men and women, in the strife that is upon them. Sometimes he lures them with ideals, sometimes he prods them with humor, always he helps them. No one can rise from reading him without a desire for purer, more successful life; and we believe that his readings all over the land will be found to bear fruit in higher purposes, more kindly judgment, more patient achievement."

This is the universal judgment of those who have heard him, so far as we have observed, with a single notable exception. The editor of the *Epworth Herald*, after intimating that mercenary considerations influenced Dr. Watson in his arrangements with his manager, states that he heard him "under the most favorable circumstances" and was "thoroughly disappointed." He says, "We do not believe that had Dr. Watson preached 100 sermons they would have done a particle of good."

Dr. Watson is on his way back to his home and church in Liverpool. We do not believe that any man who has visited this land ever carried away with him so much of affectionate and grateful interest. We are gratified that we have been enabled to present his thought so fully to our readers. In the issue of Dec. 2 we published the remarkable sermon which he delivered in this city upon "The Optimism of Jesus;" and, so far as we have seen, ZION'S HERALD alone has presented the full text of a sermon preached by him during his stay in this country.

## Personals.

—Dr. J. W. Bashford and wife are spending the winter months in Egypt.

—Rev. S. H. Day, D. D., of Grace Church, St. Augustine, Fla., is witnessing a gracious revival season in his church, with many conversions.

—The *Western* says: "President McKinley will attend the Foundry Church in Washington." Is not that declaration premature and unauthorized?

—Miss Frances E. Willard recently placed a tablet in Horsmonden church, near Maidstone, Kent, to the memory of her ancestor, Major Simon Willard, who was baptized in that church.

—Rev. Dr. William Cunningham Gray, editor of the *Interior* (which we consider one of the very best religious papers in the world), and Mrs. Gray celebrated the fortieth anniversary of their marriage at their home in Oak Park, Chicago.

—Rev. E. E. Tarbill, of Kansas Conference, a graduate of Ohio Wesleyan University and of Boston School of Theology, has been by Bishop Vincent appointed superintendent of the Wyoming Mission. He enters upon his duties immediately, and will reside in Cheyenne, Wyo.

—Mrs. Sophia M. Adams, widow of the late Rev. Joseph Augustus Adams, a former member of the New England Conference, died at the home of her niece, Miss Mary M. Clough, at Greenland, N. H., on Friday, Dec. 11. A suitable memoir of this excellent woman will soon be published in our columns.

—The *Christian Uplook* of Buffalo says:—

"Rev. Dr. J. E. Williams of Buffalo has a host of friends throughout the church who will be glad to learn that his health is constantly improving, and that he is laboring with great success as pastor of Riverside Church. He has a packed house at every service, and the revival fire is already kindled."

—The *Western* of last week observes: "Secretary J. W. Hamilton has leased a delightful house in Avondale, opposite Dr. Jacob Ebersole's residence. This beautiful suburb more than holds its own in the item of resident church officials. It was heart-broken over losing Bishop Cranston and Hartzell; but now is consoled in having Bishop Walden and Drs. Curtis and Hamilton."

—Rev. Dr. W. W. Case, of Howard St. Church, San Francisco, in a private note, writes:—

"Bishop Newman is with us, and is taking bold of our work vigorously. It looks as though he were to be an immense help to us. He and Mrs. Newman are in good health. A reception was held in the Howard St. Church, and the gathering was very large. He preached a grand Thanksgiving sermon in Central Church, and is to preach the watch-night sermon in Howard St. It will be a great meeting."

—Commencing with Oct. 4, Rev. T. P. Frost, D. D., of the First Church, Baltimore, delivered Sunday evening talks to young men upon the following practical and suggestive topics: "What Occupation shall I Select?" "How shall I Get Money?" "How shall I Spend Money?" "With which Political Party shall I Affiliate?" "What Recreation shall I Take?" "What shall I Read?" "How am I to Choose a Wife?" "How am I to Select Among the Creeds?" During the Sunday evenings of December he is preaching upon the Nativity, as follows: "The Nearer View of Jesus;" "The Human Ancestry of Jesus;" "The Divine Ancestry of Jesus;" "The Birth of Jesus."



— At the annual meeting of the Boston Associated Board of Trade, held on Monday evening, Rufus A. Flanders, one of the trustees of St. Mark's Church, Brookline, was elected president.

— Leon H. Vincent, the popular lecturer at Chautauqua, will give a course of lectures at Tremont St. Church, Dec. 17, Dec. 31, and Jan. 4. The subjects are: Hawthorne, Emerson the Man, and George Eliot.

— Announcement is made of the marriage of Rev. W. T. Worth, pastor of St. Paul's Church, Lynn, and Miss Clara Watson Duchemin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. F. Duchemin. Bishop Mallaleu performed the ceremony.

— Announcement is made of the death of Rev. Dr. James A. McCauley, which occurred at Baltimore, Dec. 13. He was 74 years of age. In 1872 he was elected president of Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa., and remained in that position for sixteen years.

— The New York Tribune states that in Albany, on Dec. 9, Rev. William L. Smith, pastor of the Ash Grove Methodist Church, was seized with a hemorrhage while conducting a prayer-meeting. He walked to his residence next door, and died in a few minutes. He was 58 years of age.

— We regret to announce that Prof. W. T. Davison, D. D., of Handsworth College, Birmingham, Eng., the writer of the highly-appreciated series of contributions in our columns upon "Religious Thought and Life in the Old World," has been critically ill. At last reports from his family he was improving.

— Wonderfully lifelike and tenderly impressive is the portrait of the late Rev. Morris D'Camp Crawford, D. D., which is presented upon the first page of the *Christian City* of New York, the organ of the New York City Church Extension and Missionary Society, of which he was so long the honored and efficient president. Dr. F. M. North, the editor of the paper and secretary of the Society, writes very appreciatively and discriminatingly of his beloved colleague and friend.

— From far-off South Dakota comes the intelligence that at Parker, that State, on Dec. 2, the eightieth anniversary of "Grandma Martin" was celebrated by a group of devoted friends who assembled to do honor to one who has been for more than a half century most generously devoted to the work of foreign missions. She is educating a girl in India, and doing other work, notably making missionary quilts, one of which she will send to the superintendent of the Deaconess Home in this city.

— Rev. C. E. Davis, of Lynn, who is an alumnus of Wesleyan University, class of '76, thus corrects in the columns of the *Boston Herald* an error which had appeared in that paper:—

"Last week the *Herald* published an editorial note on the endowment of a professorship in the Wesleyan University, Middletown, Ct., by the Hon. Frank Jones of New Hampshire. This was a great mistake on the part of the *Herald*. F. S. Jones, Esq., of New York, for several years a trustee of Wesleyan, has endowed a chair in the University, but he is not the notorious brewer."

— The New York Sun, in one of last week's issues, says:—

"Rev. Dr. Louis Albert Banks has now declined an invitation to continue for a fourth year as pastor of the Hanson Place M. E. Church, Brooklyn, although he had formally accepted it several months ago. He announced his intention to withdraw from the church at a meeting of the quarterly conference on Saturday night. In his letter explaining the situation he said: 'Recent developments have convinced me that it is impossible for reasons which I do not care to specify or in any way to criticize, for me to have the united and harmonious support of the official members of the church. I therefore feel it my duty to kindly and respectfully decline your invitation to remain your pastor after the present year.' The resignation was 'regretfully accepted' by the conference."

— Bishop Hartzell sailed for Africa at 10 o'clock, Dec. 9. A large company of friends were at the dock to bid him good-by, including Bishops Fowler, Walden, Hurst and Fitzgerald. Any mail sent to Bishop Hartzell in time for a steamer before Dec. 20 will reach him at Burr's Hotel, Great Queen Square, London, England. For two months thereafter his address will be Monrovia, Liberia. His permanent address will be 150 Fifth Avenue, New York city. Any letters addressed to him at that place will either be answered for him from New York, or be forwarded.

— We regret to learn of the death of Rev. Franklin Flisk, which occurred at Auburndale, on Thursday evening, Dec. 10. Mr. Flisk was one of the oldest members of the New England Connection and one of the few who formed a connection between the present generation of active members and the generation which was first in the work in New England—for a considerable number of the latter were still alive when he began his ministry. Father Flisk had reached the advanced age of 82, and though on account of failing health he left the pastorate nearly thirty years ago, in recent years he has been comparatively hale, and has been almost uniformly present at the Annual Conferences and other denominational gatherings. He joined the Conference in 1836. His last sickness was comparatively short, but severe, and he was a great sufferer; yet his faith failed not. An obituary notice will appear later.

— The daily press of New York is discussing quite freely the situation at St. James' Church, that city, of which Rev. Emory J. Haynes, D. D., is pastor. A division of opinion has developed over the fact that "one-half of the congrega-

tion is anxious to sell the church and the land on which it stands, and build a new edifice in the more fashionable section on the west side of Harlem; the other half claim that the church is far enough west, and strongly oppose a sale." This unhappy condition will have to do directly with the appointment of a minister to this church at the next Annual Conference.

### Brieflets.

The report of the proceedings of the annual meeting of the Wesleyan Association, held last week, already in type, is crowded over to the next issue.

The delighted readers of Dr. Cuyler's contribution on the second page this week, may rejoice in the assurance that several more are promised from the same attractive pen.

The House of Representatives at Washington, last week, by a vote of 104 to 7, passed the bill prohibiting the sale of liquors in the Capitol. Much credit is due to Representative Elijah Morse for the success of the measure.

We regret that we are obliged to withhold from our readers for one week the excellent and important report of the annual meeting of the "City Evangelization Union," specially prepared for our columns by Secretary C. A. Littlefield.

The annual meeting of the Boston Methodist Social Union will be held at the American House, Boston, on Monday, Dec. 21, at 4.30 P. M. Addresses will be delivered by Rev. James M. Gray, D. D., and Rev. Smith Baker, D. D. The officers for the coming year will be elected at this meeting.

The First Swedish M. E. Church, Boston (Ferdinand St., opposite Isabella St., near Providence Depot and Columbus Ave.), will be dedicated next Sunday. Preaching at 10.30 A. M. by Bishop Foster; at 2.30 P. M. by Bishop Mallaleu, with dedicatory services. All American and Swedish friends are cordially invited to these services.

We gladly devote generous space to the report of the dedicatory services connected with Mathewson St. Church, Providence, R. I., which will be found on the 4th and 5th pages. The completion of this edifice is one of the remarkable achievements in New England Methodism. Dr. Kaufman has accomplished a notable work in a very happy and wise way. The structure has been erected with a view to testing some new methods of church enterprise, and the experiment will be watched by the denomination at large with much interest.

Elsewhere will be found a report of the University Memorial Service for Mrs. Mary B. Claffin. Mrs. Huntington and Goodell, as will be seen, paid generous tribute to this noble woman. Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, as was intended, made the principal address. Never have we heard one friend speak so fittingly, faultlessly and inspiringly of another who had gone on before, as did this distinguished woman. We print quite a full abstract of the address. Our young people especially will be benefited as they follow the presentation of this life of Christlike ministry.

"Thoughts for the Thoughtful"—the little volume of daily readings compiled by Miss Adelaide B. Savers, which has had such a wide sale and been of inestimable help and comfort to hundreds of readers—is perennially fresh and acceptable as an all-the-year-round holiday gift. A lady said the other day: "I carried my volume of 'Thoughts for the Thoughtful' to Nova Scotia last summer on a visit to friends, and placed it on the table in my room; but my friends were perpetually borrowing it, and I scarcely saw it during my stay. When I came away, to their delight, I gave my own cherished copy, all marked as it was, to them. And now I shall have to buy a new one for myself, for I miss it so." Magee has the book in various styles of binding—pale blue, dark red, and white-and-gold cloth (the latter in a box), and in morocco.

We sympathize with the earnest complaint of one of our able, loyal and successful ministers, who declares that all of the Methodist papers are overloaded with appeals from our connectional causes, and that these appeals are so long that they are not read. In confirmation of this we can state that within two days we have received from three of our general societies, with an urgent request to publish, copy enough to cover three full pages of our paper; and to the interests of two of these societies we have devoted nearly five pages of our space within the past four weeks. While we desire to conserve every interest of the church, we are compelled, in justice to other urgent claims, to decline to print much that is sent to us. It would be well, therefore, for the managers of our benevolences to moderate their demands upon the Methodist press and to study brevity when preparing their public appeals.

Prof. W. Douglass Mackenzie, in beginning a series of contributions in the *Advocate* of Chicago upon "The Deeper Higher Life," is very frank in saying: "I am to write occasionally in this column about that deeper Christian life! 'Not as though I had already attained; but that I might be understood at the outset. No man who knows anything about that life ever thinks he has attained, for he always sees further than he can walk on any day's journey, otherwise heaven is not in sight for him and 'all the fullness of God' is not his goal."

### UNIVERSITY MEMORIAL SERVICE.

Mrs. Mary B. Claffin.

THE fourth and last in the series of University Sermons and Addresses at the First Methodist Episcopal Church, this city, was a memorial service for the late Mrs. Mary B. Claffin, wife of ex-Gov. Claffin. A large and distinguished audience was present, including many of the trustees of Boston University, students, and special friends of the deceased. Rev. J. H. Mansfield, D. D., read the Scripture lesson and Dean M. D. Buell offered prayer.

Dean W. E. Huntington presided and offered the following tribute:—

"Six months ago this very day Mrs. William Claffin passed suddenly from life here into the peace and security of the life everlasting. Now that the deeper shadows of that startling translation of a noble woman have been lifted, it seems fitting that the traits of her remarkable character should be drawn by a skillful hand, that an interested and numerous company of friends may look upon the portraiture. As an inspiration to those who have known her well, especially to the young women who are moving up to fill the breaking ranks of a vanishing generation, it is right that this public service be rendered. Her vacant place cannot be filled. No one can do another's work; and here was a singularly large and varied service. It ranged all the way from the sweet, quiet charity done by her deft right hand—unknown even to her left—upward and outward to the noble and more conspicuous duties done for our institutions and our times. She had the large vision of one who occupies a central, commanding station. Her mental and ethical endowments were likewise fine and commanding. But it was not simply the example of one who let the law of duty have its way through a tireless life of service. She helped to feed and clothe the poor, she lifted the fallen, she comforted the sorrowing, she befriended the friendless; she counseled and sympathized with the students of Boston University, of Wellesley and Radcliffe Colleges, and of other institutions in this vicinity. But all this rich and effective service was not simply the doing of duty; it was rather that a passion for Christian service burned with a holy flame in her heart, lighted up her whole being, and illuminated all the social relations which she so beautifully filled.

"The home where she lived, as gracious in its hospitality as it was impressive in its elegance, was the 'holy of holies' for her well-balanced and industrious life. Service in the wider circles of usefulness did not diminish the loving and effective influence that she gave to her family; for this was her most imperative and sacred trust. Out from this inmost sphere she moved, through many paths, to many hearts, and a multitude will at last rise up and call her blessed."

Dean Huntington then introduced Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, who said:—

"It must occur to many of you, as it does to me, in the midst of this service of memorial, that we owe a gentle apology to our friend. It certainly was never possible to praise her in her presence. Any words of praise she quickly, deftly, turned away for other things. Is it therefore not fitting that we should meet and rejoice together? Most unfitting, it seems to me, it would be if we students and teachers in this church she loved, at the end of this winter series of University Sermons and Addresses, should fail to sit together an hour, take inspiration and congratulate ourselves over the memory of her splendid life. Because we do not come to praise her. We come to express as friends our love of her—and love she always coveted, and coveted in large measure. She and I once heard (and she echoed them) certain words, characteristic words, spoken here in Boston, when in the midst of a reception that a college club of girls gave to Holmes, he suddenly turned to me—and this was only a year before he left us—and held out both his hands, and said, 'Don't smile, but when you are eighty-four you will know what I mean when I say I love to be loved.'"

"And so it was with our friend. She yearned with all her great heart to be loved, and we need not apologize that we come tonight to express our affection, to tell over the story of her life, to take courage from the thought of it, and to ask ourselves, for our own and others' sakes, the secret of it, if we are wise and simple enough to find that out.

"And did the secret of our friend's life lie in any outward circumstances, in the story of it? We may remind ourselves again tonight of the outline of a long and beautiful life, and find that it is not so unlike the lives of many other New England women. More than seventy years ago she was born in what was then a characteristic, simple, New England village, and she lived a girl's life in the simplicity of its quiet pleasures, in the healthful, natural joys of Massachusetts village life. She was fortunate in being bred, it seems to me, not only in the country, responsive to the birds and flowers, to the stars above her head, to the stones under her feet, but fortunate in being bred by a country doctor. A country doctor's granddaughter, through the loss of her mother in her little girlhood, she came close, through his good and high influence, to sickness, to sorrow, to trouble, to loss. In her sympathetic relations with him she learned to love human kind in all degrees of trouble and poverty as well as to rejoice in the beauty of our natural New England life. She has told us in

her charming 'Brampton Sketches' of that village home and her simple village friends. And those of us who knew her later life intimately used sometimes to say to her, and to the end, 'You have a girl's heart and a country girl's love and enthusiasms.' It made no difference that she went out into great public service and life; she brought back from drawing-rooms in Washington and salons in Paris the high-mindedness, the literary love, of his quiet, scholarly life, the sympathies which he gave her from his long touch with sorrow and with heart-break.

"And there were only nineteen years of this quiet girl experience when, as a young girl, almost fifty-two years ago, she was again fortunate in marrying a wise, a generous and greatly good man, whom not only the village, but Massachusetts and the nation, has delighted to honor.

"Those who have spoken tonight, I have been glad to see, have again, as all her friends have done these last six months, noticed that the centre of this largely gracious and beautiful life was in her home. Out of that home grew all those many lines of influence which make so many hearts glad not only in New England, but all around the country, as they think of her precious life. It is, dear friends, a greatly fortunate thing when two people, greatly good and greatly gifted, wisely meet and order life with large freedom and generous power and chivalrous helpfulness through and through.

"To the end of her life our dear friend, as she looked at the boys in Boston University, as the girls in their classes at Wellesley, the Conservatory, and in every place where young men and young women were gathered, used to say, 'Ah, if they only can be wise enough, can be good enough, and generous enough in the most sacred and delicate relations of life to be just, to give room for growth and freedom'—because she knew in all her home life (which every day was a fresh romance) the secret of all the forms of activities, of all the educational movements, which we men and women today in our complicated life wish to see flourish and blossom in our midst.

"And so for fifty years our friend, in wifehood, in motherhood, in loyal patriotic service, in village, in city, in State, in country, wrought her beautiful life, whether in Hopkinton, in Newtonville, on Beacon Hill, in Washington, in Paris, in Florida, or in Rome. What does it matter? It was always the same outgrowing, inspiring, beautiful, helpful presence. And I, therefore, do not dwell on this date and on that, because the little outline of the life seems to me so simple, so significant, and yet so insignificant when one remembers the fine high spirit with which she informed it all.

"Fortunate, as I have said, and yet how easily unfortunate! For our friend had from the beginning great affection, tender care, large opportunity, noble wealth, personal charm, extraordinary brilliancy and beauty, public service and social leadership. These all seem to you, young ladies and young gentlemen, noble gifts. Not long ago—two years ago—I heard a young university girl say, sighingly, coming away from this gracious hospitality of Mt. Vernon Street, which so many of us knew: 'Ah! how easy to be good if one had so beautiful a home.' And yet I have said that these great gifts and great opportunities might easily have proved a misfortune. For, alas! dear friends, if so excellent, so noble, so unselfish a life should seem to us—as I doubt not it does—so greatly exceptional, it is not always that beauty and charm and wealth and social grace and many friends and large affection develop in us sheltered women in America such profound religious enthusiasm, such high devotion, such superb ideals, as those we cherish in our friend. If it were so, then indeed would life be a divine and a greater thing for every one of us, whether we live on the avenue or in the alley.

"What was the secret of her splendid life, which transformed everything she touched and made it seem better because she had lived and touched it? It seems to me, as I think of these many years since in '79 she was my friend, that I know what Charles Kingsley meant when he was asked the secret of his helpful life. After a little while he simply said: 'I had a friend.' Mrs. Claffin had a genius for friendship, a great power of giving herself, a splendid imagination—by which I mean a power of putting herself in another's place, a rare gift in any community. It seems to me, as I think of her in all the intimate friendship of these many beautiful years, that I should like to say to the young men and the young women present, if they would get such a broad and radiant nature, that the great secret of much that was fine in her was this—that she had, and she kept through all her more than seventy busy years, a rich enthusiasm. She was above all things else enthusiastic and not afraid of herself, and not afraid of self-expression. She knew how to live out, and she gave her heart its way. There was nothing in her that was dull, nothing complex, not a commonplace thread in her composition. Do I mean, then, by this a genius, a natural genius? Not at all; but a rich nature, richly endowed. I have sometimes thought of her when I have read Stevenson's exquisite 'Garden of Verses for Children'—

"The world is so full of a number of things,  
We shall all be happy, as happy as kings."

This child-heart, this avidity to be pleased, to the end of her life was a characteristic of our friend. Did you ever drive with her on some June morning, happening to know that she could easily be weighed down with perplexity and with care, with the sorrows of others?

(Continued on Page 84.)



## The Sunday School.

### FOURTH QUARTER. LESSON XIII.

Sunday, December 27.

Rev. W. O. Holway, D. D., U. S. N.

### FOURTH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

#### I. Preliminary.

1. Golden Text: Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God, and keep his commandments; for this is the whole duty of man. — Eccles. 12: 13.

2. The Lessons of the Quarter: Eight of them were taken from 1 Kings, selected from the first eleven chapters of the Book; they contain the history of Solomon in his splendid rise and decline. Three of the lessons were taken from Proverbs. One — the Christmas lesson — was taken from Matthew.

3. Home Readings: Monday — 1 Kings 1: 29-39. Tuesday — 1 Kings 3: 5-15. Wednesday — 1 Kings 5: 1-13. Thursday — 1 Kings 8: 54-61. Friday — Matt. 3: 1-12. Saturday — 1 Kings 9: 1-9. Sunday — 1 Kings 11: 4-13.

#### II. Lesson Analysis.

##### 1. SOLOMON ANOINTED KING (1 Kings 1: 28-39).

The principal points were: The information brought to the aged David by Bathsheba and Nathan of Adonijah's conspiracy to seize the throne; the assurance given to Bathsheba that the promise that Solomon should reign as David's successor should be carried out; Zadok, Nathan and Benaiah summoned before the king; the order given to them to take the royal body-guard, and to cause Solomon to ride upon the king's mule to Gihon, where he was to be publicly anointed and proclaimed king over Israel, thence to return and take his seat upon the throne; Benaiah's commendation of David's decision; the program carried out as ordered; and Adonijah's conspiracy nipped in the bud.

##### 2. SOLOMON'S WISE CHOICE (1 Kings 3: 5-15).

The great sacrificial festival held by Solomon at Gibeon; the choice submitted to him "in the visions of the night" by the Lord — "Ask what I shall give thee;" Solomon's confession of his youth and inexperience, his recognition of the Divine goodness to his father David and to himself, and his prayer for wisdom to judge the people; the Lord's approval of this unselfish choice; His promise to bestow it, and to add to it what Solomon might have asked and did not — long life, riches, and victories over his enemies; Solomon's return to Jerusalem, his additional offerings before the ark, and his great feast to all his servants — constitute an outline of the lesson.

##### 3. SOLOMON'S WEALTH AND WISDOM (1 Kings 4: 25-34).

The principal points were: Solomon's kingdom from Dan to Beersheba rejoicing in the blessings of peace; the king's importation of 40,000 chariots and horses and 12,000 cavalrymen; the provision made for the royal table and for provender for the horses by division of the land into twelve districts under officers who provided each for one month; the exceeding wisdom and largeness of heart bestowed upon Solomon, so that he had no peer either in the East or in Egypt, his proverbial reaching the number of three thousand, and his songs a thousand and five; his scientific study of nature — "trees, beasts, fowl and creeping things and fishes;" his fame throughout the nations; and the embassies sent and personal visits paid to him because of his renown for wisdom.

##### 4. THE PROVERBS OF SOLOMON (Prov. 1: 1-10).

We learn that proverbs were designed for "wisdom and instruction;" to sharpen the perceptions of "the simple" and to guide the young mind in the ways of discretion; to so nurture the wise that they can themselves unravel the perplexities of "a dark saying." First of all, upon him who would seek wisdom, "the fear of the Lord" was enjoined as the starting-point in his quest; and "the ornament" of a docile spirit upon those youth who were under home instruction or just on the point of leaving it. Especially were the young counseled to stand firm against sinful enticements and not yield to the solicitations of the lawless and the cruel.

##### 5. BUILDING THE TEMPLE (1 Kings 5: 1-12).

The principal points were: Hiram's message of congratulation to Solomon on the latter's accession; Solomon's reply to Hiram, depicting the prosperity of his empire, declaring his intention to proceed to the erection of the temple, which his father David was forbidden to build, and asking him to employ his Sidonian subjects to hew cedars in Lebanon for the purpose, promising to furnish provisions for the same; the Tyrian king's cordial answer, blessing Jehovah for giving David such a wise son, acceding to the request for timber and agreeing to transport it from Lebanon to the sea and to float it to Joppa; and the league formed between the two kings.

##### 6. THE TEMPLE DEDICATED (1 Kings 8: 54-68).

The principal points were: The gathering of the people to Jerusalem; Solomon's sacerdotal blessing; his ascription of praise to Him who had given rest unto His people and whose promises had not failed; his prayer for God's perpetual presence and that He would incline the hearts of all to keep their covenant with Him, that all might come to "know God and walk before Him with a perfect heart;" and the offering of an immense number of sacrifices during

solemnities which were protracted to one week at least, and possibly two.

##### 7. GOD'S BLESSING UPON SOLOMON (1 Kings 9: 1-9).

The temple, and the king's palace, and the other public structures had been completed. Solomon had passed middle life, and was now in the third decade of his reign. Supreme power and boundless wealth brought with them temptations. A second time, therefore, and in the night season as at Gibeon, Jehovah appeared to him with explicit promises and warnings. He assured the king that the prayer which he had offered at the dedication of the temple had been favorably answered — His eyes and His heart should be there perpetually. He promised Solomon that obedience on his part would make his throne and dynasty secure; but he warned him that ruin, not only to himself and his house but also to Israel and the sanctuary, would inevitably follow disloyalty and idol-worship.

##### 8. REWARDS OF OBEDIENCE (Prov. 3: 1-17).

The principal points were: Youth admonished to keep God's law; obedience rewarded by long life, prosperity and peace; "mercy and truth" especially recommended; favor both with God and man would follow; trust in God should be whole-hearted and unquestioning; such implicit trust "in all our ways" would result in infallible guidance; self-conceit should be promptly humbled; physical soundness results from fearing God and departing from evil; overflowing prosperity follows the consecration of our "substance" to God and His cause; afflictions were spoken of as God's love-tokens; he is truly happy who learns this and every lesson of wisdom; to make accumulations of this spiritual kind is far better than to gain silver or gold, or precious gems, or the fondest object of human desire.

##### 9. THE FAME OF SOLOMON (1 Kings 10: 1-10, 13).

The journey made by the Queen of Sheba, with camels, spices, gold and precious stones, to Jerusalem, to test Solomon's wisdom with "hard questions;" her reception by the king, who solved all her problems for her; the impression produced upon her by the wisdom of her host and the royal magnificence in which he lived — an impression so vivid that "there was no more spirit left in her;" her admission that "the half had not been told;" her acknowledgment of the goodness of Jehovah to Solomon, and the blessedness of the latter's servants who could listen to his wisdom; and her departure after a mutual exchange of presents — constitute an outline of the lesson.

##### 10. SOLOMON'S SIN (1 Kings 11: 4-13).

The principal points were: Solomon's extraordinary harem, composed of 700 princesses holding the rank of "wives," and 800 concubines, drawn from the surrounding nations with whom intermarriages had been forbidden; his own perversion to idolatry under the influence of these "strange women;" the erection of sanctuaries to Ashtoreth, Molech, Chemosh and other false gods; Jehovah's anger with the king whom He had so specially favored, and whom He had twice visited and warned; and his sentence, that the kingdom should be rent from Solomon and given to his servant (Jeroboam) — a sentence suspended during Solomon's lifetime because of God's covenant with David, and so far mitigated as to permit Solomon's son to inherit Judah and Benjamin.

##### 11. CAUTIONS AGAINST INTemperance (Prov. 18: 15-25).

The young were urged to love wisdom, thereby giving joy to their anxious parents, and all the more if their lips "speak right things." The prosperity of sinners is not to be envied; rather a sense of God's presence should be cultivated and a fear of offending Him; for in that case "expectation" will not end in disappointment, whereas the sinner's prosperity will be brief. The society of wine-bibbers and gluttons is to be especially avoided, as tending to indolence and poverty. Filial obedience to one's father and mother was strongly urged. No pains or cost should be spared in acquiring truth, and no worldly advantages should be preferred to wisdom.

##### 12. THE BIRTH OF CHRIST (Matt. 2: 1-2).

The arrival of "the wise men" in Jerusalem; their inquiry for Him who was "born king of the Jews;" their announcement that they had "seen His star in the east, and had come to worship Him;" the consternation of King Herod; his crafty scheme to find out the birthplace and probable age of his supposed rival; his plan to use the Magi as detectives to report to him on their return; the journey of the latter to Bethlehem; the reappearance of the star; the discovery of the young Child and His mother; their acts of homage and costly offerings; and the warning given them in a night vision — were the principal points in the lesson.

#### III. Questions.

1. From what books were the lessons taken?
2. What event caused David to abdicate in favor of Solomon?
3. Who carried out the king's orders to anoint and proclaim Solomon?
4. What resulted?
5. Tell the circumstances of the choice offered to Solomon.
6. What might he have chosen?
7. What did he choose?
8. How was his choice approved and rewarded?

##### 9. What was the condition of the kingdom under Solomon?

10. How was the royal table provided for?
11. What was said of Solomon's wisdom in general and in particular?
12. Who composed the most of the Proverbs?
13. What is declared to be "the beginning of knowledge?"
14. What paternal advice was given?
15. What warning against sinful enticements?
16. What letters were exchanged between Solomon and Hiram, king of Tyre?
17. What friendly feeling did Hiram express towards Jehovah?
18. What part did Solomon take in the exercises of the dedication of the temple?
19. Mention the principal expressions of desire in his blessing.
20. What visible approval did God give?
21. What second vision was given to Solomon?
22. What was the substance of the promise and warning?
23. Mention some of the rewards of obedience in Lesson VIII.
24. What promises were given to those who "trust in God?" to those who cherish mercy and truth? to those who honor God with their substance?

##### 25. How were afflictions characterized and explained?

26. How was Wisdom compared in value with gold and precious stones?
27. What royal visitor came to Solomon, and why?
28. What did she bring, and what did she get?
29. What impression was made upon her by what she saw and heard?
30. What acknowledgments did she make?
31. What influence caused Solomon's decline?
32. Of what acts of implety was he guilty?
33. What was the extent of his fall?
34. What punishment was pronounced upon him?
35. On what ground were youth exhorted to love wisdom?
36. Why is the prosperity of sinners not to be envied?
37. Why is the society of wine-bibbers and gluttons to be shunned?
38. Why did "the wise men" visit Jerusalem?
39. What was the star which they saw?
40. What troubled Herod and what did he do?
41. What did the worship and gifts of the Magi imply?

## Hon. Thos. B. Reed

knows, if any one does, what it means to be a Congressman. In

## The Youth's Companion

For 1897 the Speaker of the House of Representatives will write of the responsibility that goes with power and the hard work involved by high position. His article is instructive as well as entertaining, and it gives a clear idea of

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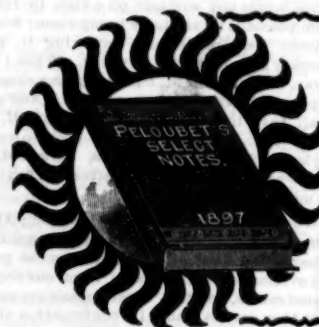
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## The Conferences.

### New Hampshire Conference.

#### Manchester District.

A band of Crusaders are working at Hillsboro Bridge. They are stirring the Methodist Church, from which comes almost their entire working force. Many are being blessed and helped in their Christian experiences. At our last visit ten had started for the kingdom of God. Pastor Oramer is busily at work. His church has had several misfortunes since it was repaired a few years ago. First, a large piece of the ceiling fell; and soon after that the bell gave out completely. They have put up a fine steel ceiling, and a few days ago a sweet-toned bell of 700 pounds rang out its first call for worship. The money is in hand to pay all these bills. In addition to these they have paid \$60 interest money and an equal amount for insurance. Just now the church is receiving a coat of paint, which will be paid for by the time the work is done. All this in times of great stringency is a splendid showing for this church.

Rev. B. P. Judd is very popular at Henniker and Hillsboro Centre. At the former place there is a fine congregation. They have one of the best choirs to be found in any church. His Sunday night congregations average two hundred. To have so many people come and sit in those uncomfortable pews to hear a practical Gospel sermon shows a drawing power somewhere.

Several persons at Andover have recently sought the Lord and united with the church. All the regular services are well attended. The pastor, Rev. C. E. Eaton, is closing his fourth year. Two of the young ladies of this church are attending the Seminary at Tilton; one is the pastor's daughter, and the other the daughter of Mr. Poor.

The State Sunday-school Convention was held in the Methodist church, Nashua, Nov. 10-12. The addresses of Prof. Hamill of Illinois, and Miss Vella of Lynn, Mass., were very much enjoyed. The workers from the State rendered excellent service. It has been demonstrated that a successful convention can be conducted without importing as many workers from abroad as was done a few years ago, when it cost sometimes \$200 to pay for the talent that came from afar. Our own workers are coming to the front. A normal class of seven, all of them from Derry, received the certificates for the completion of the first text-book of normal study. These persons had passed a rigid examination in writing on the twenty-four lessons of the book. Splendid work is being done in the State. The field secretary, Mr. I. B. Miller, is a man thoroughly acquainted with all modern Sunday-school movements, and has made a careful division of the State into districts. If these districts are now worked by the vice-presidents as they should be, the work will make rapid strides forward. If these persons fail to do their duty, the work will lag in that proportion. We are very deficient all over the State in trained primary workers. All felt this when they heard Miss Vella, and saw the various appliances that are in use to aid in making Scripture plain and creating an interest among the children. There ought to be a dozen primary unions organized in the State during the coming year. We can raise up among us in a little while one or more workers who could instruct these primary teachers as they are now doing in Massachusetts. Doubtless the executive committee of the State will look after this feature of the work.

"Mr." G. H. Clark, who is mentioned in our last notes, is none other than Rev. Gilman H. Clark, of Chesterfield, who is pushing the Lord's work.

The great revival at Sunapee goes on gloriously. Up to Dec. 1 about one hundred persons have sought the Lord, most of whom have been soundly converted. Probably Sunapee never knew such a work in its history. The Christian Crusaders, who are leading, are proving very safe workers. They are being sought for by many pastors. One rode nineteen miles to procure them, if possible, in his church. Rev. C. W. Taylor, the pastor, is happy, shouting over the victory. Greater things are looked for.

Revival work has begun at Manchester, First Church. Rev. W. Woods has the assistance of Mrs. E. B. Leger, an evangelist of much efficiency and power. She has just come from Provincetown, Mass. where the Lord worked wonderfully. The people are expecting great results. In the preliminary services held for some weeks conversions have taken place.

Rev. C. J. Brown is holding a series of meetings at Goffstown, with the assistance of a number of neighboring pastors. On the third evening three rose for prayers, and one came to the altar. The people are united and looking for a great baptism of power upon the community.

#### Concord District.

Penacook.—The Epworth League has been observing a special week of prayer for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit and for a general revival in the church. It would be wise for other Leagues to imitate this one in this respect.

Whitefield.—Rev. W. C. Bartlett, the pastor, has received 7 persons into the church recently. While Mr. Bartlett was in the hospital in Brooklyn his kind people remembered him with a very nice oversight. We are glad to report that his health is slowly improving.

Lancaster.—The work here is going nicely, Rev. L. R. Danforth, pastor. Arrangements are perfected for union revival services under Evangelist Gillingham in January. The past quarter reports 321 calls, six funerals, seven weddings, and one baptism.

At Grange Village, a part of Lancaster charge four miles east, the people have painted their church. The meetings are of excellent spirit, and one bright, clear conversion is reported of late.

It was a pleasure to receive a call the other day from the presiding elder of Dover District, Rev. G. W. Norris, and his bride. We congratulate the elder and welcome Mrs. Norris into the wider field of usefulness and influence.

#### Dover District.

W. F. H. S.—The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society held its annual meeting, and the Woman's Foreign and Home Missionary Societies of Dover District held a convention at Greenland, Nov. 12. Both societies were well represented. The devotional exercises at 10.30 were conducted by Mrs. Warren, of Portsmouth, who had prepared questions to be answered by Bible quotations. Reports from auxiliaries

were very interesting and showed that thought and planning the work in a systematic manner had had the desired effect of an increase in members and interest in the meetings. Mrs. Broadhead, of Newfields, gave a fine paper on "The Importance of the Reading Circle;" another, on "Systematic Giving," was by Mrs. J. D. Poisson. Mrs. A. C. Clark, from the Immigrants' Home, East Boston, told some very touching stories in regard to her work among this class. Mrs. Hoskins, missionary from India, told of her work in that country, and Mrs. A. T. Wells gave an interesting report of the annual Home Missionary meeting at Springfield, Ill. The officers for the year are: President, Mrs. C. J. Fowler; vice-president, Mrs. A. B. Rowell; secretary, Mrs. A. A. Perkins; treasurer, Mrs. C. W. Dockrill; superintendent of children's work, Mrs. John Gibbons.

Grace Church, Haverhill, had four conversions at the mission last Sunday, and has recently received 12 by letter, 7 from probation, and 3 on probation, with more to follow. Finances are rapidly improving since the return of Dr. Chase from abroad. A grand welcome home was accorded him on Friday evening by the Epworth League.

### Maine Conference.

#### Lewiston District.

Lisbon and Lisbon Falls.—The church edifice at Lisbon has been painted within and without, and a neat iron fence bounds the church lot. The edifice at Lisbon Falls has two new coats of paint. Church work has suffered somewhat on account of depression in business; but the rolls are running full time and capacity again, and better days are ahead. The pastor's son, Gilbert, is a student in Bowdoin College.

Bath, Beacon Street.—The labors of Rev. D. E. Miller and wife in Sunday-school, church and parish are greatly appreciated. Business in the ship-yards is reviving, and the outlook is encouraging.

West Bath.—Mr. Miller has supplied the pulpit here during the summer and fall. A Sunday school with good attendance and excellent interest has been held.

Bath, Wesley Church.—The sermons of the pastor, Rev. J. L. Hoyle, are interesting and edifying. Wesley Church has the one graded Sunday-school upon the district; also one of the most active Epworth Leagues in the whole Conference. We found the entire city of Bath glowing with the spirit of brotherly kindness. Over fifty barrels of provisions had been collected for distribution among needy families. Thanksgiving was a glad day to rich and poor alike. Our Methodist people were abreast with others in the good work. Bath looks forward hopefully anticipating the promised free-shipping bill and consequent better times.

North Auburn is in the midst of a gracious revival. A score or more have been converted. The pastor, Rev. C. H. Young, himself a convert but but three years, is greatly blessed in leading men to Christ.

### East Maine Conference.

#### Bangor District.

Brownville and Henderson.—An excellent interest prevails. A large number have been converted. The finances of the church are well looked after, and we anticipate most excellent reports at the next quarterly conference. This doubtless will be the most satisfactory, in results, of the years thus far in the ministry of Rev. D. R. Pierce, the pastor.

Atkinson and Sebce.—The fifth year of the pastorate of Rev. C. H. Johnson is the best yet. The people generally are regretting that there must be change. All departments of church work are carefully and discreetly managed.

Carmel and Levant.—Rev. J. L. Miller is seeing what he has much desired to see, a gracious outpouring of God's Spirit upon Carmel. The meetings are largely attended, and several have expressed a desire for salvation. The people, anxious to express their love and appreciation of their pastor, have presented him with a fine coon-skin coat. A warm body to accompany a warm heart helps amazingly in a pastor's work.

Diamond.—The Ministerial Association which met here was a great blessing to this charge. Rev. Dr. Taorndike, of Springfield, Mass., was very much enjoyed in his old home. The hospitality of the people was hearty, and everybody enjoyed and was benefited by the occasion. A great interest is manifest. Harmony prevails, and the pastor, Rev. N. La Marsh, is determined that this shall be the best year in his ministry.

Houlton.—Mr. Gale, the evangelist, is to open meetings here, Dec. 11, and great hopes are indulged that there will be a general awakening. Six churches unite in this effort. A preparatory meeting was held in the Baptist church, Sunday evening, Dec. 6. Rev. F. F. White preached a powerful sermon to a large and appreciative congregation. The work goes well here. A marked improvement is manifest along all lines.

Hodgdon and Linneus.—We enjoyed a Sabbath with this people, and were greeted by good congregations. The effects of the revival of several months ago are plainly visible, and the work is advancing. Rev. E. V. Allen we regard as a faithful and conscientious minister of the Gospel, and his work will abide.

Monticello and Littleton.—Rev. F. H. Osgood has certainly captured this people. They say, "We cannot have a change next year." There are good congregations, excellent singing, and increasing interest. A new church edifice is much needed and is under consideration.

More and Smyrna.—A revival has been in progress on More part of the charge for several weeks, and the pastor opened fire on Smyrna side recently. Rev. D. H. Piper assisted with good results. The church is quickened and several conversions are reported. The pastor, we sorely regret, is so exhausted that he suspends work for a time.

Patten.—A series of extra meetings have been held here with good results. Several conversions are reported. The pastor, Rev. A. E. Luce, rejoices over present conditions.

Washburn.—Everybody here seems interested in and pleased with the now completed church edifice. It was commenced several years ago during the pastorate of Rev. L. H. Lidstone, and is now completed and dedicated clear of debt, the result of the indefatigable labors of Rev. E. O. Smith and wife. The services were continued through Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 17 and 18. The following ministers were present and

preached in the order given: Revs. D. H. Piper, Saturday morning; M. H. Hippelle, afternoon; F. H. Osgood, evening; J. H. Barker, Sunday morning; Presiding Elder H. H. Boynton, afternoon; followed by dedicatory service and communion, and W. H. Patten, evening, followed by the baptism of the infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Duncan, and one accession. The report of the pastor on Saturday evening showed an indebtedness of \$480 for which the presiding elder pled and the people soon gave. A happier pastor and people it would be hard to find. Several have been converted since, and revival meetings are now in progress.

East Corinth and Corinth.—Two weeks' revival services have been held by the pastor, Rev. J. W. Day, assisted by Evangelist C. L. Everts, which greatly strengthened the church and were a benediction to all.

#### Rockland District.

Bristol.—Nov. 4 was a day of great delight to our people in this place. Their thoroughly repaired and beautified church was the scene of much rejoicing. For more than a year the work has been going on as fast as funds could be raised. The movement was started by the former pastor, Rev. G. E. Edgett, who preached the opening sermon of re-dedication. Dr. J. O. Knowles preached in the afternoon, and Rev. S. A. Bender in the evening. Fine music was rendered all day. It was a "Gospel feast" from morning until night. There was also a material feast, a banquet being served at Mr. John Bryant's twice during the day. The dedicatory services were conducted by Dr. Knowles in the afternoon, and the sacrament administered in the evening. All plans were so well made by the pastor, Rev. C. F. Butlerfield, that everything went like clockwork. Much credit is due the Ladies' Aid Society for leading, and the men for backing, the enterprise. Our church is marching on.

Damariscotta Mills.—Nov. 5, although quite stormy, will long be remembered at Damariscotta Mills as a day of joy and satisfaction. Our church, repaired without and beautified within, was rededicated to the worship of God. Rev. C. W. Bradlee preached in the morning, and Rev. J. O. Knowles in the afternoon. Both sermons were much enjoyed. Dr. Knowles also took an offering sufficient to cover all indebtedness. Our people go on their way rejoicing, and well they may. Both these churches were freed by W. E. Carleton, of Rockport, and are very beautiful. The pastor, Rev. C. L. Banghart, has since held special services and reports five as beginning the Christian life.

South Newcastle.—Dec. 1 finds another happy society at this place, where our chapel has been put in fine condition. Three interested audiences gathered to hear the Word. Rev. S. A. Bender preached in the morning, Rev. A. E. Russell in the afternoon, and Rev. Mr. Cox of the Free Baptist Church in the evening. One seldom hears three better sermons in a single day. A good spirit, excellent singing and enthusiastic giving characterized the day. All seemed glad to have a part in so noble a work. There is no debt. Again we rejoice with those who rejoice. The pastor, Rev. W. A. Meservey, is now holding revival meetings.

Washington.—Our church here is ready except the pews, for which we are now waiting. We hope to dedicate this month.

W. W. OGIER.

### Vermont Conference.

#### Montpelier District.

Springfield.—The announcement of a new and modern parsonage is always an interesting item of news. Such a parsonage has just been completed here. Dec. 3, afternoon and evening, Rev. H. A. Spencer, wife and daughter were "at home," and it would seem that nearly every person in the church and a large part of the community enjoyed the occasion. A delightful spirit of cordiality and congratulation prevailed. The new house is large and built thoroughly. The rooms are well arranged and are finished in hard wood with hard wood floors. The parlors and commodious hall are finished in quartered oak. An open fire-place and bay-window amplify the second parlor. Electric lights prevail throughout. There are toilet rooms on both floors. Messrs. Gilman, Cobb, Whitcomb and Smith were an able and devoted building committee. Mr. and Mrs. Gilman gave recently a talented daughter to China and seem to have adopted this enterprise. As Mr. Spencer's friends think of all the things he has done, they may count this with the best, and they may think of him now with Mr. Spencer and their daughter Maria as most happily situated and in excellent health.

### N. E. Southern Conference.

#### Norwich District.

Thomsonville.—Rev. J. Trogeakis preached the sermon at the union Thanksgiving service. The League has begun the reading course.

Attawagan.—The pastor, Rev. F. H. Spear, and wife, on Nov. 16, welcomed a baby boy. Congratulations! In October the collection for Conference claimants was taken, and more than the apportionment was secured. Two prayer meetings and two class meetings are well sustained each week. The League since reorganization is doing excellent work in all departments. Finances are in good shape. The presiding elder has been paid in advance for the whole year.

Rev. G. M. Hamlen and wife have been aiding several churches on the district in taking the Freedmen's Aid Collection. Their services are spoken of very appreciatively by the pastors. Attawagan raised over \$20, Vernon outdid herself in a gift of over \$20, North Manchester over

\$30, and other churches have done correspondingly well.

Vernon.—The League has adopted the name of Phelps Chapter, in memory of Rev. E. C. Phelps, of that church, recently deceased. An illustrated lecture on "Wonderlands of America" was greatly enjoyed. Financial affairs are in good shape.

#### Providence District.

Riverside.—Three new members were received into the church at the November communion. Rev. E. W. Bliss, evangelist, has been holding union services with good results.

Haven Church.—Gilbert Haven Chapter of the Epworth League entertained the chapters of Hope St. and Asbury Churches on Monday evening, Nov. 23. Nearly two hundred were present, who enjoyed themselves thoroughly. An excellent literary and musical program was presented by the visiting chapters, after which cake and ice-cream were served by the Haven Chapter. A social hour followed and speeches were made by the pastors and presidents of the various Leagues.

Broadway.—Rev. Walter J. Yates delivered his grand lecture on "The Battle of Gettysburg," Wednesday evening, Dec. 2 before an appreciative audience. Rev. Geo. S. Brightman is pushing the campaign for souls and expects victory.

Manchester, Emmanuel.—Rev. E. F. Studley is making an excellent impression. His sermons are very highly appreciated by his parishioners and his earnest labors are being rewarded with success. A wide-awake Epworth League and a consecrated and active church membership ensure success in this charge. Rev. J. Oldham, who was pastor when the church was built in 1870, enjoyed an exchange with Rev. E. F. Studley, Nov. 15.

Foshers.—Good reports come from this place. Rev. J. O. Randall is doing excellent work. A new church building would be a wonderful help to this young and prosperous society.

Hope.—Rev. E. S. Hammond has been holding revival services. As a result the church has been quickened, sinners awakened, and several converted.

Conference Date.—Your correspondent has received several letters complaining of the date fixed for the next session of our Annual Conference. The brethren on the smaller charges feel that it is a great hardship to give fifty-four weeks' service for the year. The church year usually closes April 1, and to compel them to purchase coal, provisions and other supplies for two more weeks out of their small salaries, seems to them an unnecessary hardship. Especially is this true when moving expenses are also to be paid. We call attention to this matter at the request of several pastors.

Nemo.

#### Brockton and Vicinity.

Preachers' Meeting.—The December session was held on the first Monday of the month. In a paper of rare interest entitled "An Hour with Oliver Wendell Holmes," Rev. E. C. Miller, of Nantasket, gave an account of a personal interview with the famous "Autocrat."

Brockton, Central Church.—A series of temperance addresses have been given by the pastor, Rev. C. M. Meiden, on successive Sabbath evenings. They were timely contributions to the vigorous no-license movement which immediately preceded the city election—a movement in which the ministers of Brockton generally took active part. One person was admitted to Central Church, Dec. 6.

Brockton, Franklin Church.—A good spiritual interest prevails here. At the last sacramental service one person was admitted to full membership, one on probation and another baptized. A class has been formed for normal drill in Bible history under the lead of the pastor, Rev. J. W. Morris. A course of Sunday evening sermons on "Prophecy" is announced for the near future.

Brockton, Pearl St.—The pastor, Rev. J. E. Johnson, is seeking much-needed recuperation in the forests of Maine, whither he has gone for a stay of several weeks. It is understood that he is also seeking moose, and that certain of the Brockton Methodists expect to have a feast of good things upon his return.

Brockton, South St. (Campello).—Twenty-five conversions are reported by Rev. O. W. Scott, pastor, as the visible result of the home camp-meeting. Among the converts are many heads of families. Twelve were recently received on probation and four baptized. A lecture class in the Sunday-school has been established, in charge of the pastor.

Bloughton.—A series of special meetings continuing two weeks have proved valuable means of grace to the members of the church.

East Bridgewater.—A considerable number of people who have recently taken up their residence in this town are seeking a church home with the Methodists, thus adding spiritual and material strength to the church. The pastor, Rev. M. B. Wilson, received four new members on the first Sabbath in December.

Nantasket and Scituate.—Indications of a deepening spiritual interest in the one church and a growing congregation in the other are the present encouraging features of the charge committed to Rev. H. C. Miller.

East Weymouth.—Another sudden bereavement must be chronicled. A. J. Garey, a steward and trustee in the church, for forty-six years an active member, a man prominent in the business and social life of the town, a tower of strength to the cause of municipal righteousness and a terror to evil-doers, died very unexpectedly on the morning of Nov. 27. A two

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weeks' series of religious services have been held here with gracious results.

**East Braintree.**—Revival fires are kindling here. Special services have been held for several weeks and a number of conversions are reported. Pastor Kelley holds the work in his own hand, but has been assisted by Rev. Joseph Jackson and Miss Annie Switzer, evangelist.

IRVING.

## New England Conference.

**Boston Preachers' Meeting.**—Dr. J. D. Fulton gave a whole-souled, stirring address upon "Preaching in Demonstration of the Spirit." It was an hour of spiritual unction and power. Next Monday, Dec. 21, Prof. Peritz, of Syracuse University, is to deliver an address upon "Value of Old Testament Criticism and Its Bearing on New Testament Study."

### South District.

**Boston, Bromfield St.**—Since the first of November, 9 have been received by letter and 7 on probation, and 11 baptized. Of those who were welcomed into full connection three were Chinese. Rev. Dr. L. B. Bates, pastor.

**South Boston, St. John's.**—The committee on missionary apportionments at New York confers to an error. They report \$925 as given last year by this church, when the amount really given was \$925. This places St. John's in the second class, with the rank of 29, instead of in the third class, with the rank of 40.

**Brookline, St. Mark's.**—A very interesting occurrence in connection with the festival and sale which the ladies of St. Mark's Church have just been holding was the floor-laying bee of the week preceding. There are twenty five or thirty contractors and builders and carpenters connected with St. Mark's, and their day's work, and laid the floor of the large dining-room. The ladies furnished coffee and doughnuts at 10 o'clock after the evening's work. It was a merry sight and a good example for other churches. The lumber was furnished by a friend of the church at cost. Rev. W. I. Haven, pastor.

**West Medway.**—The Gazette says in the issue of Dec. 4: "At the Methodist church last Sunday evening, Rev. G. W. Coon gave an especially strong sermon upon 'Light,' the first in his series upon 'The Creation.' In the afternoon five of the young people held a meeting at the Bellingham town farm and Mr. Coon preached at Unionville. Members of this church are greatly encouraged with the splendid results of Mr. Coon's pastorate and of his corps of faithful workers."

**Uxbridge.**—Eighteen persons, nine of whom were heads of families, were received on probation, Dec. 6, as the immediate results of the three weeks' special meetings in November. Rev. J. Jackson's labors in connection with these meetings resulted not only in the conversion of many, but in the awakening of the entire church to new life and spiritual power. Though he is gone, the revival spirit still prevails in the church and others are being brought to God. The Worcester South District of the Massachusetts State Sunday-school Association holds a convention in the church Friday afternoon and evening, Dec. 15.

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**Worcester.**—Those of our Methodists who attend church on Thanksgiving Day gathered in Grace Church and heard an excellent sermon by Rev. Geo. W. Mansfield, of Laurel St.

**Grace.**—Rejoicing is had here over the success of the late fair. All labored hard, and it is thought that \$600 will be added to the church funds. It is a difficult way to get money, but it comes in handy when secured. The girls of Miss Cogg's Sunday-school class have given her a fine copy of "The Imitation of Christ." She has recently suffered the loss of her father.

**Trinity.**—The lectures of Leon H. Vincent are attracting deserved attention here. He speaks before the Epworth League. Rev. R. F. Holway, the pastor, has recently presented in a telling manner the subject of the Freedmen's Aid Society.

**Lake View.**—Under the care of that general in the field, Rev. Alonso Sanderson, the revival work here continues. It is interesting to find a place where the proper mission of churches seems to be accomplished; for if aggressive work be not their field, then what is?

QUIS.

### North District.

**Lowell, Worthen St.**—A gracious revival of religion has come to this charge. It began in the official board, when many of the brethren after earnest prayer pledged their support to the meetings. It was decided to have the pastor, Rev. E. T. Curnick, lead the services. The meetings continued over three weeks, and from the beginning a blessed influence was felt. At almost every service one or more penitents bowed at the altar, and most of them professed conversion. The church is greatly benefited and encouraged.

This society has recently established a Sunday-school at Orlinville, a suburb. Prof. Le Dolt Kimball is superintendent. It already has an enrollment of over 50, and starts off under very favorable conditions. In the near future it is expected Sunday evening preaching will be held in this place.

### East District.

**Meridian St., East Boston.**—On Sunday, Dec. 6, 16 were received on probation and 3 by letter—the first-fruits of the revival that has been in progress in this church through the month of November. More than sixty have knelt at the altar seeking pardon of sin and a new heart. This includes all ages and all classes, from the old men of sixty-five years to the boy of ten, from the moral young man of untarnished reputation to the reeling drunkard. Pastor Staples and his church have been the only evangelists. During the past two months the large church building has been taxed to its utmost capacity on Sunday evenings, and those coming late have had to turn away and go elsewhere or else find standing-room only. The attendance at the morning preaching service is good, and the Sunday-school flourishing. On a recent Sabbath 25 new scholars were reported as having joined the school at that one session.

**Marblehead.**—Improvements have been made on the parsonage amounting to over \$600, such as painting outside and in, hot and cold water all over the house, hot-water heater, electric lights, etc. There is quite a religious interest here. Revival services have been held for three consecutive weeks, and many were won to Christ. Dec. 6, 7 were received on probation. Rev. Hugh Montgomery, pastor.

**Swampscott.**—Five persons were received into full membership the first Sunday in No-

vember, and 2 were received on probation and 2 baptized on Sunday morning, Dec. 6. These make an even fifty received into the church membership during the present pastorate. The membership has now reached the highest point in its history. Seven beautiful stained-glass windows have taken the place of old ones. Three are memorial, two being the gift of Mr. W. D. Brackett, of Boston, in memory of his father and mother, long-time useful members of the church, and one from the family of the late Benjamin S. Newcomb, of Swampscott. The Epworth League and the Ladies' Circle gave one window each, and the society provided the remaining two. Repairs are in progress on the tower of the church. The vestry has been fitted up and generally beautified, and the painters are now at work upon the exterior of the building. The citizens and friends of the parish are generously assisting in caring for the heavy outlay. Monday night, Oct. 26, a class was formed with twenty-one members for systematic Bible study. A revival is now going on. Special services began Nov. 8, and continue to increase in interest and numbers. The church has been greatly quickened, and twelve persons are testifying to Jesus' power to save. Congregations crowd the house Sunday nights. The pastor, Rev. A. C. Skinner, and his people are conducting the revival.

**East District Ministers' Wives' Association.**—The ample and sunny parsonage at Beverly was the place of the fall meeting of the East District Ministers' Wives' Association, and a goodly number were privileged to enjoy Mrs. Thurston's generous hospitality. Mrs. Knowles presided. Several messages were read from absent members, including one of particular interest from Mrs. Schwars of Japan. Solos by Mrs. Rogers of East Gloucester, a suggestive paper on "Woman's Influence in Civic Life" by Mrs. Pillsbury of Stoneham, an entertaining description by Mrs. Stackpole of Peabody of a few of the most famous paintings in the Louvre, illustrated by fine photographs, were features of the program. The serving of refreshments gave opportunity for the social hour, and the afternoon was unanimous in their hearty thanks to the hostesses and to those who planned and carried out the exercises.

ALICE M. TIERRELL, Cor. Sec.

### West District.

**Chicopee Falls.**—Revival services, to continue two or three weeks, are in progress. Miss Flora Townsend, the daughter of the pastor, Rev. W. C. Townsend, who has been seriously ill, is improving in health.

**Feeding Hills.**—Nov. 24, about sixty of the friends and parishioners of the pastor, Rev. C. P. Ketcham, made him a surprise visit, it being the forty-fifth anniversary of his birth. A barrel of flour and other useful articles were substantial and acceptable tokens of their goodwill. A well has been dug up on the hill which supplies the parsonage with running water. For twenty-seven years all the water used has

been carried about fifty rods. Nineteen have risen for prayers this year at the regular services.

**Holyoke.**—All ten of the evangelical churches united in a Thanksgiving service, an unusually large congregation being present. The sermon was preached by Rev. N. B. Flak of the First M. E. Church. Taking for his text Isa. 26: 1, and for his topic, "Our National Dangers and Deliverances," he preached an able sermon which was closely followed by the congregation and fully reported in the papers of the following day.

An event which was of great interest to First Church occurred on Nov. 13, when Miss Emma N. Dunham and Herbert J. Webb were united in marriage by Rev. N. B. Flak, the pastor. The bride is the daughter of J. M. Dunham, the superintendent of the Merrick Thread Works and the most prominent member of the Appleton St. Church, and both the young people are great helpers in church work. The home was beautifully decorated and the wedding a brilliant occasion.

**Greenfield.**—At the union Thanksgiving service the sermon was preached by Rev. Jerome Wood of the Methodist Church. Among the things mentioned for which we should be thankful, are: the Pilgrims, our country, our government, our educational advantages, our churches, a free Gospel, and our homes.

**Middlebury.**—The union revival services have resulted in the greatest religious interest known in the town for years. Over sixty conversions have been reported, nearly all of young people between the ages of sixteen and thirty. Rev. J. A. Haines, of Everett, has been assisting the pastor, Rev. H. B. King.

**Westfield.**—The two weeks' meetings conducted by the pastor, Rev. L. H. Dorchester, were largely attended and fifty persons began the Christian life.

**Wilbraham.**—The Philo Literary Society of the Academy held a special meeting, Nov. 28, the occasion being the unveiling of a crayon portrait of Dr. G. M. Steele, the greatly beloved ex-principal of the Academy, and a member of the society. The picture is a perfect likeness, and is the work and gift of Miss Emily Wymen, teacher of art in the institution from 1880 to 1886, and now studying in Europe. Principal Newhall paid a high tribute to the successful career of Dr. Steele in the various departments of educational work with which he had been connected.

**Brookfield.**—The pastor, Rev. John Chaffee, has the past week been called to Athol because of the death of his father, Mr. Geo. R. Chaffee, who had been ill quite a long time. He and his family were active Methodists.

The sermon recently preached by Rev. Henry Tuckley, D. D., of Trinity, Springfield, on "The Model Wife," is the leading article in the December issue of Good Housekeeping.

R.

## THE FIRST CHRISTMAS MONEY.

Susan E. Gammons.

"Don't take my Kismas money, papa!"  
The voice is full of tears;  
Can it fall to touch, with its pitiful pleading,  
The heart of him who hears?

Penny by penny dropped down the chimney  
Of the little house of tin,  
Till six and twenty cents lay waiting  
That tiny bank within,—

Waiting to buy the Christmas presents,  
And "one for papa, too;"  
Could a father touch that hoarded treasure  
If he had a heart, think you?

But the drunkard's thirst is full upon him,  
The little one pleads in vain;  
His only thought, like his ancient brother,  
"I will seek it yet again."

He turns away unmoved, unheeding—  
He is used to others' woes;  
And into the till of the drunkard-maker  
The baby's treasure goes.

"Don't take my Kismas money, papa!"  
Does the cry ring in his ears?  
Is there no taste in the dram he swallows  
Of his little daughter's tears?

Once he had scorned a thing so brutal,  
Nor believed it could ever be true;  
To him it had then seemed just as dreadful  
As it seems, dear friend, to you.

For, once this father's heart was tender,  
And he held up his head like a man;  
Abl what shall the liquor traffic render—  
Now, answer me if you can—

For the manhood slain by the dreadful  
poison,  
For the love to his own grown cold,  
For the bloated form and the sodden  
features,  
And for age when he is not old?

And what shall it give to the poor wronged  
baby  
For her faith in a father's love?  
In her time of need will she doubt the pity  
That glows in the heart above?

For like to a father's tender yearning  
His love is said to be.  
And what shall the liquor traffic render  
In the judgment, Lord, to Thee?

Westport, Mass.

## For Every Person and for Every Occasion



The Century Dictionary and Cyclopaedia is not simply for the learned and the educated, though all scholars from our college presidents down, testify to its immense usefulness to them. It is for everyone who wishes to succeed in life, whether he is merchant or manufacturer, banker or broker, clerk or engineer, physician or lawyer, or whatever his occupation. It is useful at all times and on all occasions, whether one is engaged in reading, writing, conversation or work. This, which can be said of no other work ever published is true of

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## Church Register.

### On Conference Examinations.

The Bishops, having received numerous inquiries concerning the interpretation and working of the new plan for examination on the Course of Study for Preachers (see Discipline of 1894, Appendix, ¶¶ 46 and 47), agreed at their recent conference in Pittsburgh, Pa., on the following statements and recommendations:

1. The Annual Conference, and not the Board of Examiners, must determine all questions concerning the admissibility of candidates from our literary and theological institutions in place of examinations by its own Board of Examiners. These questions may relate to the grade of the institution, the date of the certificate and of the study and examination to which it refers, the authority and competency of those whose names are appended to issue such certificates, etc.

2. The Bishops recommend that the Annual Conference decide with great care and caution as to the grade of the institutions from which they will receive certificates, giving decided preference to our regular theological seminaries and to the universities and colleges approved by the University Senate (see Discipline, ¶ 48).

3. The Annual Conference are reminded that no certificates can be received from any institution except those of our own church, and that all examinations must be "graded upon a scale of 100, and none below 70 shall pass."

4. It is recommended that the Annual Conference require clear evidence that the subjects on which examinations are certified from our literary and theological institutions have been studied in books or in courses of lectures which are full equivalents of the corresponding books in the Course of Study presented in the Discipline.

5. The Annual Conference being required "to continue to examine all candidates in the doctrines and Discipline of the Church," it is therefore recommended that Boards of Examiners be instructed (1) To scrutinize with especial care the certificates of our literary and theological institutions so far as they relate to "doctrines and Discipline;" (2) To diligently examine all candidates as to the thoroughness of their knowledge of the "doctrines and Discipline of the Church," and as to their soundness of belief and their loyalty to our polity.

EDWARD G. ANDERSON,  
Sec. of Board of Bishops.

New York, Dec. 16.

READ the last column on the 15th page for announcement of the latest publications of the Methodist Book Concern.

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### QUARTERLY MEETINGS.

#### LEWISTON DISTRICT—FOURTH QUARTER.

##### DECEMBER.

- 14, Norway; 15, 27, a m, Rumford Falls; 17, Bolster's Mills; 18, South Paris; 19, 20, W. Cumberland (3d); 21, Bethel.

(Remainder next week.)

Blank reports will be sent to the pastor several days before the date of his quarterly conference. Let them be passed to the several officials and filed out, ready for the quarterly conference. We hope to see every charge meet all claims and benevolent appointments.

J. A. CORRY.

#### EAST DISTRICT—FOURTH QUARTER.

##### DECEMBER.

##### 20, London.

##### JANUARY.

- 3, Broadway; 4, Medford, Trinity; 5, Bangor Centre; 7, Swampscott; 10, Byfield; 13, Stoneham; 14, Revere; 15, Ipswich; 17, Lynn Highlands; 18, Essex & Hamilton; 19, Orient Heights; 21, Wakefield; 24, Reading; 25, Beverly; 27, Merrimack St.; 28, Peabody; 29, Lynn, Trinity; 31, Wilmington.

(Remainder next week.)

It is gratifying to know of the very general religious interest on the district. I am sure every brother will push revival work. I pray and steadfastly believe for great results. I especially rejoice in two good signs: The benevolences are being enthusiastically presented and the charges loyally canvassed for subscribers to Zion's Herald. Let us push every station into the front rank!

285 Maple St., Lynn.

J. O. KNOWLES.

#### PROVIDENCE DISTRICT—FOURTH QUARTER.

##### JANUARY.

- 11, Providence, Edgewood; 12, East Braintree; 13, South Braintree; 14, Porter Ch., E. Weymouth; 15, East Weymouth; 17, a m, Drownville; 18, Providence, Broadway; 19, Hebronville; 20, Providence, Ch'nut St.; 21, E. Mansfield; 22, Mansfield; 23, p m, Drownville; 24, a m, Warren; 25, p m, E. Bristol; 26, East Greenwicht; 27, Woonsocket; 28, Providence, Asbury; 30, Providence, Ch'nut St.; 31, E. Mansfield, 1st Ch.

(Remainder next week.)

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## About Furs.

### —THEIR—

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Fur will be fashionably worn this season as much for an article of dress as for mere purpose of warmth. The most fashionable are Russian Sable, Hudson's Bay Sable, Otter, Mink, Persian Lamb and Seal.

Russian Sable heads the list of valuable furs. It ranks with the most precious stones, will last a century, and has been for generations the favored fur of the crowned heads of Europe, and at present is in greater demand than ever.

The International Fur Co., 41 Summer St., have a fine collection of Russian Sables ranging in price from \$40 to \$250 per skin. The best Russian Sables are caught on the Lena River; other beautiful specimens are found on the Obi and Volga Rivers.

America leads in Otter, (Hudson's Bay Sable, Mink, Seal, Bear, Beaver, Chinchilla, Fox and many other furs. Russia supplies Ermine, Russian Sable, Silver Fox, etc. Neither England, France, nor Switzerland produce any of the fur-bearing animals. America surpasses all other countries in dressing natural furs. This was clearly demonstrated at the World's Fair, where the Russian Sable, Mink, Otter and other natural furs exhibit were awarded highest prizes against the world's competition.

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The house is conveniently located at 41 Summer St., near Washington, Boston, Mass.

EPWORTH LEAGUE.—The semi-annual convention of the South District Epworth League will be held at Milford, Friday, Dec. 18. A very interesting program has been prepared.

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### CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR EPWORTH SETTLEMENT.

Will the friends who desire to send Christmas gifts for our use on Christmas Eve or Day give attention to it early enough to have them reach us a day or two before Christmas? We do not know how to plan our Christmas work, or what provision we can make until we receive our supplies. Will, therefore, those who can send us supplies for young children, or who desire to send provisions, have them reach the Settlement at 34 Hull St. a day or two before Christmas, and, in case of things that are not perishable, earlier even than that?

We would like, also, to have the superintendents and teachers of primary departments of Sunday-schools send to us all the little lesson cards they can illustrating the life of David. Gather up those that are left over from your supply, for we want dozens and dozens of them for our work among the Hebrew children.

C. A. LITTLEFIELD,  
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## History of Methodism

### —OF THE—

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## Our Book Table.

The Prophets of the Christian Faith. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, \$1.25.

This volume contains a series of twelve admirable sketches of leaders of Christian thought, by as many authors. The twelve were prophetic men who have done much to open to the world the great message of redemption. The prophet is a revealer of God's message. The succession according to this book has run down through Isaiah, the evangelical prophet, St. Paul, St. Augustine, Clement, Wycliffe, Luther, Wesley, Edwards, Bushnell, and Maurice. Such men as Lyman Abbott, Dr. Matheson, Dr. Dods, Dr. Fremantle, Harnack, Farrar, Fairbairn, and Munger are the writers. To the thoughtful reader the book is suggestive.

Hans Brinker; or, The Silver Skates. A Story of Life in Holland. By Mary Mapes Dodge. Illustrated by Allan R. Duggett. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$1.50.

This excellent story of life in Holland, written thirty years ago, is re-issued with five illustrations for Christmas, as the New Amsterdam edition. The story is told in the author's best style, and has been read with so much interest in earlier editions as to demand a re-appearance with Duggett's illustrations. The life and customs of the people are graphically presented along the line of the story.

Songs of Childhood. Verses by Eugene Field. Music by Reginald de Koven and others. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$1.

Until he disappeared within the veil, Eugene Field's tender and exquisite songs for childhood were not extensively appreciated at their intrinsic value. They nearly all had a lyrical quality; and after his death many of his friends desired to see some of the best of them set to music. The work was undertaken by De Koven and his associates, and, as a result, we have this beautiful volume containing twenty of his best songs, with appropriate music.

Solomon Crow's Christmas Poems, and Other Tales. By Ruth McNary Stuart. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This little volume contains ten brief stories illustrative of the life of the colored people in New Orleans. They are graphic, humorous, and true to nature. What Richard Johnston has done for Georgia and Miss Murfree for the mountains of Tennessee, that Mrs. Stuart is doing for New Orleans, in picturing the low types of life about her. Her genius improves by what it feeds upon.

The Merry Five. By Penn Shirley. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Price, 75 cents.

"The Merry Five" is the second volume in the "Silver Gate Series." The group, consisting of five little people—Molly, Kirk and Weeny Rowe and Paul and Pauline Bradstreet—make a delightful tour to the Pacific coast. They go to the shore, camp on the beach, learn to swim, visit the mines, the hills, and the bee ranch, making various experiments and having a rare good time.

A Gentle Heart. By J. B. Miller, D. D. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co. Price, 35 cents.

Few people are strong enough to be gentle. They have to furnish bluster as a substitute for vigor. The really strong can afford to be calm and kind. Gentleness crowned the character of St. John, as also that of his Master. The cultivation of this divine quality is commended in the church, the family, the place of business, in a word, everywhere, by the author of this beautiful booklet.

Culture and Reform. By Anna B. Brown, Ph. D. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co. Price, 35 cents.

Another attractive booklet, showing that culture is conservative and must be supplemented by reform. Reform must go deep, and then in return be aided by culture. They are complementary. The characteristics of the two forces are well brought out and described.

Fifty Literary Evenings. By S. G. Ayres, B. D. New York: Eaton & Mains. Price, 35 cents.

This small volume belongs to "The League at Work Series" for Epworth Leagues and the home circle. The volume suggests topics on various subjects for study on fifty evenings. The roll of subjects has many brief explanations and references to authorities. The book is admirably adapted to its purpose for study in League work.

Bible Selections for Daily Devotion. 365 Readings. By Rev. Sylvanus Stall, D. D. New York: Funk & Wagnall Company. Price, \$1.

An admirable devotional manual taken from the Scriptures, and adapted for use in the family, in colleges and seminaries, and in the meetings of young people. It is at once full though not overloaded, and of the best material and arrangement.

Household Stories: From the Collection of the Brothers Grimm. Translated by Lucy Crane. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co. Price, 75 cents.

The Grimm Brothers were the famous collectors of folklore stories. Their work is a mine from which all later writers on the subject have drawn. The work of translation in this case is tastefully and truthfully done. The illustrations are by Walter Crane. These folklore tales never grow old.

Any Book or Magazine noticed above mailed for price. Subscriptions taken for all papers and magazines. Dramatic or Comic Recitations 10c; 2 for 15c. Games, Speakers, Dialogues, etc. Prices for stamp.

S. R. LUDDEX, Lincoln, Me.

The Boys of Clovenhook. By Mary Barnes Beal. Boston: Lothrop Publishing Company. Price, \$1.50.

The author tells in a delightful way her five-boy story, with a mingling of the sympathetic with the humorous and dramatic. The boys have their boyish ways, their little joys and sorrows, their adventures and failures, their frolics and follies, which are told with zest and ability. The author knows the interior life of a child, and is able to trace its movements in a way to interest the young reader. The illustrations, by Ethelred B. Barry, are excellent.

Seed-Thoughts for Mothers: A Year-Book Compiled by Mrs. Minnie B. Paul. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co. Price, 75 cents.

To compile requires genius, as well as to create. The late Mrs. Paul excelled in compilation. "Sunshine for the Shut-Ins" is an admirable compilation; and just before her death she culled from eighty different authors suggestions to mothers for the training of children. There is an extract for each day of the year. The little book is given in tasteful binding and fair type, and is suitable for a gift-book.

The Handmaid of the Lord; or, Wayside Sketches. By Mrs. Sarah A. Cooke. Chicago: T. B. Arnold. Price, \$1.

This volume contains a religious autobiography of one who came into a delightful Christian experience and performed valuable evangelistic work in this country and England. Entering at first the Baptist Church, she found at length larger liberty, a broader field, and a richer experience among the Methodists. This book contains the record of her experiences and public labors. Those endeavoring to secure higher attainments in grace will be interested in the incidents, and will find inspiration in her testimony to God's love and favor.

A Book of Old English Ballads. With an Accompaniment of Decorative Drawings by George Wharton Edwards, and an Introduction by Hamilton W. Mabie. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, \$1.

This book, with antique decorations, large, open type, and firm paper, contains a fine collection of twenty-six old ballads which have grown into universal favor. Among them are: "Cherry Chase," "Fair Rosamond," "Flodden Field," "Robin Hood," "The Nut-Brown Maid," "The Mermaid," "Hugh of Lincoln." The aim has been to bring within a moderate compass a collection of these songs of the people which should fairly represent the range, the descriptive felicity, the dramatic and the genuine poetic feeling of a body of verse which is still, it is to be feared, unfamiliar to a large number of those to whom it would bring refreshment and delight. The introduction by Mr. Mabie, describing and characterizing the old ballads, is extremely felicitous.

The Masterpieces of Michelangelo and Milton. By Alexander A. Twombly. Boston: Silver, Burdett & Govey. Price, \$1.50.

The artist and the poet were alike, yet unlike. Both were inspired by supreme genius and dealt with lofty and commanding subjects. Both were masters, the one in sculpture and painting, the other in literature. The one led in Italy, the other in England. The masterpiece of Michelangelo is "The Last Judgment," painted in the end of the Sistine Chapel at Rome; that of the blind bard of London, "Paradise Lost." It was a happy thought of the author to compare the merits of these two men as revealed in their master works. In tracing the progress of art and literature the student will find these discriminative and appreciative criticisms admirable helps. With plain rich binding, open type and firm paper, the volume is adapted to the use of the scholar and general reader and as a gift-book for the season.

The Bible as Literature. By R. G. Moulton and Twenty Others. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co. Price, \$1.50.

The Bible is a many-sided book. We may approach it on either or all these sides. We have been accustomed to come to it on the side of theology, history or prophecy. The writers of the present volume approach it on the literary side as a human book. The Bible, to be sure, is divine; but the divinity streams through human intellects and pens. Among the authors of this volume are Prof. Peters, Prof. Bruce of Glasgow, Prof. Gougen, and Bishop Vincent, with an introduction by Lyman Abbott. Prof. R. G. Moulton leads in a general view of the

Bible as literature, while the others take up separate sections or books of the Bible.

The Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston, has made good provision for the small people during the holidays: RHYMES AND SONGS FOR MY LITTLE ONES, by Adolphe Charlotte Hingst and Esther J. Ruskay, has beautiful pictures in abundance, large print, and stories suitable to the tender age of those for whom the book was prepared. THROUGH THE FARMYARD GATE, by Emilie Poulsen, contains rhymes and stories for little children in the home and kindergarten, with a touch of agricultural life. WHAT THE DRAGON FLY TOLD THE CHILDREN, by Frances Bell Courson, contains anecdotes of natural history, with selections from the poets who have touched this delightful field. The books are bound in large form and furnished with literary and artistic attractions which cannot fail to engage the attention of the child reader.

H. H. Carter & Co., of Boston, issue a couple of beautiful juvenile books for the holidays by Mrs. Mary Johnson: MAC, A DOG'S TRUE STORY, has a picture of the animal who is the hero of the story, and an account of his adventures and services. ALOHA, AND OTHER POEMS, contains a long list of brief poems on a great variety of subjects and very well adapted to youth. The author has the feeling and fire of the poet, and the simple forms employed make the volume attractive to the young.

## Magazines.

The frontispiece of the Magazine of Art for December is a photograph of L. Alma-Tadema's "In My Studio." The leading article is a sketch of the life of "J. J. Shannon, Painter," by Alfred Lys Baldry, with a portrait of Mr. Shannon by Prince Troubetzkoy, and five illustrations from his works. "The 'Della Robbia' Pottery Industry" is described and illustrated. Margaret Armour discusses "Aubrey Beardsley and the Decadents," six illustrations being given. Other papers of this interesting number are: "Art and Electricity," "Street Arcades in North Italy," "Giovanni Segantini," "Laurence Alma-Tadema, R. A.: A Sketch," and "The Art Movement." A full-page illustration is from Sir Edward Burne-Jones—"Study of a Head." "The Chronicle of Art" is embellished with eight illustrations. (Casell Publishing Co.: 31 East 17th St., New York.)

The Quiver for December is provided with a beautiful supplement—"Christ and St. John," from the painting by Ary Scheffer—suitable for framing. A colored frontispiece entitled, "Serve the Lord with Gladness," adorns this number. A very full table of contents is provided, including sketches, stories, poems, etc. Two new serials are begun—"The Organist's Daughter," by Isabel Bellerby, and "All Through Prejudice," by Scott Graham. (Casell Publishing Co.: 31 East 17th St., New York.)

Cassell's Family Magazine for the current month is, as usual, filled with entertaining and wholesome reading for the family circle. "Castaways on East Spitzbergen," "Love's Labor Hired," "Porcelain: How it is Made," "Pictures of the Orient," "Home Dressmaking," "Amongst Flowers, Bees and Poultry," are some of the titles, with new chapters in the serial, "A Puritan's Wife," and the always interesting "Gatherer," with its bits of curious and scientific information. (Casell Publishing Co.: 31 East 17th St., New York.)

The December Lippincott's contains as the novelette of the month, "The Chase of an Heiress," by Christian Reid. The remaining half of the magazine has, among others, "Shutting Out the Sea," by George Ethelbert Walsh; "Two Old Boys," by Pauline Shackelford Colyar; "An Old Virginia Fox-hunt," by David Bruce Fitzgerald; "The Whipping of Uncle Henry," by Will N. Harben; "Flirtation as a Fine Art," by Jean Wright; "The Evolution of the Poster," by Agnes Carr Sage. (J. B. Lippincott Co.: Philadelphia, Pa.)

What to Eat for December comes with a gorgeous cover—Father Christmas holding aloft a platter containing a big, holly-trimmed plum-pudding. Alice M. Perry, M. D., provides a second paper on "Food and Digestion." "The

Modern 'Five O'Clock'" is described by C. M. Myer. May Taylor gives a little "Talk on Pottery." "The Chaffing Dish" is advocated by Cornelia C. Bedford. "Crawford's Nurse" comes to a tragic end. "Christmas Gifts," "Homely but Useful Christmas Presents," and "Menus and Recipes," contain practical and useful hints. (Pierce & Pierce: 332 Lumber Exchange Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.)

Harper's for December is a Christmas number, gay with pictures and articles adapted to the season. The frontispiece is from the painting by Guy Rose of "Joseph Asking Shelter for Mary." Nina Frances Layard furnishes a "Christmas Carol." Howard Pyle has a story, "The Romance of an Ambrotype." John Corbin gives, in "A Middle-English Nativity," some of the plays our English cousins use at Christmas. Poultney Bigelow, who so lately wrote up an important chapter in German history, has an instructive article on President Kruger, as the second installment of "White Man's Africa." "The Maritana," by De Marlier, is continued. Frederic Remington contributes a highly illustrated article, "How the Law got into the Chaparral." Octave Thanet has a delightful story on "The Defeat of Amos Wickliff." The number contains a good list of articles, and of all of them the reader will perhaps be best pleased with the sketch of Oliver Wendell Holmes, by W. D. Howells. It abounds in interesting reminiscences of the Autocrat in his best days. Seldom have the Harpers issued a finer number. (Harper & Brothers: New York.)

## Suffering Women.



Alas! women do suffer. Why, we often know not, but we know there is one great cause, and that is weakness. The headaches, the depressed feelings, the pains, the discouragements, indeed, almost all the misery has a common cause—weakness. At such times a woman always needs a friend that can be relied upon, and such a friend, for more than twenty years, has been that greatest of all remedies,

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## Obituaries.

**Norton.**—Mrs. Jane Coolidge Norton was born in Peru, Maine, March 19, 1823, and died at her home in Livermore, Maine, Aug. 9, 1896. She was the last one of the eight daughters of James and Mercy Lant, all of whom were very worthy of commendation for their Christian example.

She was united in marriage with Mr. Sewell M. Norton, of Livermore, Sept. 21, 1842, and they have had a pleasant and happy home during the years since.

Mrs. Norton lived an exemplary Christian life. She had been a Christian and a member of the M. E. Church from her youth. She was not a woman of many words, but noble and sweet. Neither age nor the cares of life abated her interest in her God and church, and though loyal to her own church she loved all who loved God and rejoiced in the success of other churches or any movement which sought to extend Christ's kingdom among men.

Her devotion to their daughter, Jennie, who is a worthy member of the church of her mother, and a step-son for whom she has had the care from childhood, was marked.

Her sickness was short and painful, but she did not murmur. The funeral services were held at the home, conducted by the writer. She was held in universal esteem and affection; the church and her loved ones mourn their loss.

C. A. BROOKS.

**Hatch.**—Mary P. Hatch was born in Cape Elizabeth, Me., Jan. 17, 1843, and died in Hardwick, Vt., Oct. 20, 1896.

Early in life she gave her heart to Christ and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church. She remained loyal to her Master and the church to the end.

July 4, 1866, she married M. M. Hatch, who, with a daughter and son, survives her. Her home has always been a Christian home, the entire family being devoted followers of Christ. A faithful wife and mother, her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her. She had the love and esteem of all who knew her.

She was deeply interested in every department of church work. She taught in the Sunday-school from the time she was sixteen years old. The children found in her a sympathizing friend. She was an earnest supporter of every means of grace. Missionary work found in her an ardent helper. A constant reader of Zion's Herald, she was jealous of its place in the home.

While living in Barre she had a long sickness which carried her to the river's brink, where God gave her a wonderful manifestation of Himself. She, unexpectedly to her friends, rallied, but never to full health. The writer, for nearly five years her pastor, bears glad testimony to her helpful and devout life. Her last days were full of suffering, but God's grace was sufficient. When the summons, "Child, come home," was heard, she was ready.

W. S. SMITHERS.

**Dunham.**—George Frederick Dunham was born in Guilford, Me., Feb. 23, 1832, and died at his residence in Foxcroft, Me., Oct. 20, 1896.

Mr. Dunham was a resident of Foxcroft for thirty-five years, during which time he became widely known through the agricultural journals of New England and the farmers' columns of other publications as one of the most thrifty and successful farmers in Piscataquis County. The farm of which he was at occupant for twenty-one years till the time of his decease has the reputation of being one of the best in the county. In his death the town has lost one of its most useful and honored citizens, a man who took a deep and genuine interest in all that pertains to the public good. The men with whom he transacted business regarded him as a man of superior judgment and sterling integrity. The men in his employ could always rely upon his word.

In his home he was a devoted husband, a kind and indulgent father. For many years he lived a devout and exemplary Christian. He had strong and unswerving faith in God, which accounts for the many virtues and noble deeds which crowned his useful and prosperous life.

He united with the Methodist Church of Dover and Foxcroft, Sept. 14, 1864, and from that time remained one of its most prominent and honored members. He contributed largely for its support. He lived to see the temporal prosperity of the church as well as its spiritual progress, and to this end contributed most generously. He shared the gracious privilege of having all his family converted to God and members of the church of his choice.

He leaves two sons, two daughters, three sisters and a brother. He was not a long or painful sickness, though he had been troubled more or less for several years with heart disease. The same evening of his death he was out walking about his premises evidently no worse than for several days, but retired early with prayer upon his lips, and by ten o'clock "he was not, for God took him." Surely his was an ideal death for one prepared for eternal life.

The funeral services were conducted by his pastor, Rev. C. Whidden, and attended by a large number of citizens, neighbors and friends.

C. C. W.

**Torrey.**—Emma J. Robinson, daughter of Rev. Ezekiel Robinson, was a lineal descendant of John Robinson, who came to this country in the "Mayflower." She married Henry P. Torrey, for nearly forty years president of the Maine Wesleyan Seminary and Female College, of which she was for many years preceptress. During the years of her husband's presidency in the institution she worked faithfully for its interests through him. Her devotion to him was akin to hero-worship. In his ambition and love for his work he was almost reckless of his own health and welfare, and needed constant, watchful care. This she gave him by day and by night, through long, weary months of nervous illness; not sparing her own eyes in her efforts to save him; giving her own strength to lengthen his days. At times her own health seemed to be breaking, but she always rallied, and with tireless fidelity, watched him to the end, which came Sept. 16, 1896. The end of his life was the end of hers. The strong woman was crushed, the bravely tried to rally and follow the interests of the school—their only child—but her iron will was broken. She could only follow him into the hereafter. From this time she patiently and hopefully looked forward to her own departure. By three strokes of paralysis she was made entirely helpless for many months. Her strength wasted, until she quietly sank into her last sleep, to awaken with her own, on the morning of Oct. 13, 1896.

Mrs. Torrey was a woman of excellent judgment, marked executive ability, and great strength of character. Strong in faith and solemn in every good cause, she was always loyal to church and pastor, no interest of either ever escaping her notice or suffering from lack

of her co-operation. Her "Lord's pocket-book," as she always called one of her purses, was never empty, but ever open to every call of the needy. For many years president of the W. F. M. Society, she, with a few around her, had very often an offering equal to that of many large city churches. For some time she served very efficiently on the board of trustees of the Maine State Asylum for the insane at Augusta. As a citizen and Christian worker, and as a Kent's Hill mother to the hosts of students who have been nurtured in Maine Wesleyan, her place can, probably, never be filled.

Of the noble family of Ezekiel Robinson, who have acted a part so important in the history of Kent's Hill and of Methodism in Maine, only one son and two daughters remain.

The funeral services were held in the Methodist church at Kent's Hill, Thursday, Oct. 15, conducted by Dr. E. M. Smith, formerly president of the school—Dr. R. L. Greene, Dr. Gallagher, and others participating—and were attended by the school and citizens. She was laid to rest on the brow of the hill overlooking Torrey Lake, where stands the chaste monument recently erected to the memory of Dr. Torrey by his former students.

M. N. S.

**Bartlett.**—Maria Little was born at Ivesburg, Vt., July 28, 1861, and died at North Haverhill, N. H., Aug. 9, 1896.

At about seventeen years of age she united with the Methodist Church at Stanstead, P. Q. She was married to Elias S. Bartlett in November, 1871. After her marriage her church membership was at Barton Landing, Vt., until 1891, when she came to North Haverhill.

She was an exemplary wife and mother, very efficient in promoting the comfort and happiness of the home. She was active and capable in church work as long as her health permitted. For the last few years her health had been poor, and at times she had been a very great sufferer, yet she was always patient and cheerful. She was serene and happy in her religious life, and was sustained by Christian hope until the last. Her husband and one daughter survive her.

E. R. PHILLIPS.

**Osgood.**—Mrs. Harriet A., widow of the late Dustin Osgood, died at the residence of her son, J. Elton Osgood, in Keene, N. H., Nov. 28, 1896, aged 59 years, 11 months and 3 days.

Mrs. Osgood was a member of the M. E. Church at South Acworth, which she and her husband joined many years ago. Her associates of the same church speak of her as a good woman whose life was an ornament in the church and community. The writer can testify to her kindness and motherly care of the pastors who sought shelter in her home while stationed on this charge.

The burial was in the cemetery at South Acworth, the funeral being held in the church where she had so long worshipped. The Grange with which she was connected attended the funeral in a body and conducted the service. Only five members of this church are now left.

A. B. RUSSELL.

**Heath.**—Mrs. Ann Earl Heath was born in Killingly, Conn., Nov. 11, 1812, and died in Cochechet, Mass., Sept. 28, 1896, aged nearly 84 years.

Her parents, Shubael and Wait Cady, were devout Christians and zealous Methodists. Soon after her birth the family removed to Providence, R. I., where Mr. Cady became the first Methodist class-leader in that city. From her earliest childhood she was carefully instructed in the way of the Lord. At eight years of age she was deeply conscious of the stirrings of the Holy Spirit; and at thirteen, while attending a camp-meeting and hearing sung, "Sinner, can you hate the Saviour?" etc., she surrendered herself to Christ and entered into a joyful Christian experience.

As she approached young womanhood she resided for a time in the family of Rev. Phineas Crandall, who had married an older sister. On the first of December, 1831, she was united in marriage with Rev. Samuel Heath, then a member of the New England Conference, at Jewett City, Conn., by Rev. Daniel Dorchester. Two sons were given them—Rev. William Bramwell Heath, of the New England Southern Conference, now pastor at Cochechet, Mass., and Henry Longden Heath, who became a teacher of music in Boston, but died at the early age of twenty-seven.

Mrs. Heath proved a most excellent and helpful itinerant's wife, bearing cheerfully the burdens of frequent change, and rendering efficient service by her unusual gifts in prayer and testimony and song.

June 21, 1896, while pastor of a church in Hebronville, Mass., her husband departed in joyful triumph to his heavenly home. This severe affliction came to Mrs. Heath very shortly after a succession of bereavements in which she parted with her mother, a sister, and her younger son. Yet in the midst of all these sorrows her unflinching trust in God was evinced in cheerful courage and great fortitude.

After the death of her husband she entered the home of her surviving son, and for nearly twenty-nine years shared with him the varied experiences of the itinerancy. In all the places of his labor she won the love of the people and became a power for good. Her sunny disposition, keen perceptions and ready tact rendered her especially helpful to young people, who were always charmed by her presence.

For several years she has been in failing health, as the infirmities of age multiplied; yet she continued buoyant in spirit and as active as her strength would permit, participating in the services of the church until within a few days of her decease. On Saturday evening, Sept. 19, when about to retire for the night, she was prostrated by paralysis. Although retaining consciousness most of the time, she continued helpless and speechless until the 28th, when she quietly fell asleep in Jesus.

S. O. BENTON.

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## Review of the Week.

Tuesday, December 8.

- Venezuela accepts the arbitration treaty.
- The Pension Appropriation bill reported in the National House.
- Five Negroes ambushed and murdered in Arkansas and others wounded — the outgrowth of a long-standing feud.
- Secretary Carlisle estimates the aggregate appropriations for the next fiscal year at \$421,718,970.60.
- Six hundred African laborers arrived at Colon to work on the Panama Canal.

Wednesday, December 9.

- Mr. Gladstone suffering from shortness of breath; he will go to Cannes for the winter.
- A report that Maceo, the Cuban leader, is dead.
- Silver rules in the Senate; no prospect of the Dingley bill succeeding. The House passes the Pension bill and three postal bills.
- Four Mormon elders roughly handled by a mob in Florida.
- The six-foot bronze statue of "Victory," given by this State to the battleship "Massachusetts," placed in position on board that ship.
- Labor Commissioner Wright advocates the establishment of a permanent census bureau.
- The Subway in this city leased to the West End Railway Company for twenty years.

Thursday, December 10.

- Col. A. K. McClure, the editor of the Philadelphia Times, rounds out fifty years of journalism and is dined by his friends.
- Three Cuban resolutions introduced in the Senate.
- A new comet discovered at the Lick Observatory.
- An Aquarium opened in Battery Park, New York city.

Friday, December 11.

- The German steamer "Saller," bound to Buenos Ayres, lost off the Spanish coast; passengers and crew, numbering 228, reported to have gone down with her.
- Rev. Frank Hyatt Smith released from the Washington insane asylum.
- Australia will have to import 5,000,000 bushels of wheat.
- Ex-Queen Liliuokalani arrives in San Francisco.
- The Independence of Cuba and the bill to restrict immigration considered in the Senate.

Saturday, December 12.

- The sale of liquor in the national capitol to be prohibited.
- Death, in this city, of J. H. Kendrick, third vice-president of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad.
- Gen. Weyler returns to Havana and is received "as a conquering hero."

Sunday, December 13.

- A report that Gen. Maceo was lured to a conference with the Spaniards and then assassinated.
- Fifteen Jews, most of them adults, baptized by Rev. Dr. John Hall in New York.
- Dr. E. N. Potter resigns the presidency of Hobart College and accepts a professorship in Union College.

## UNIVERSITY MEMORIAL SERVICE.

(Continued from Page 8.)

You might know that, and yet no bird flew across from bush to shrub that her quick eyes did not see, no song came out of the blue sky but she smiled an answer; and the flowers that grew by the wayside she knew and rejoiced over. Our friend could never be so tired, so harassed, that a sunset would not refresh her, that the stretch of the sea off the Beverly shore would not lift her up with a thrill of joy. It was a great gift God gave her, when, on the last day of her earthly life, He led her out of the city into the New England country among the hills, and let her look out there upon the radiant day, with the sun glow on the hill-tops, and made her say — the last thing she said as she looked out of the window with all of a girl's enthusiasm, before she went up to write her last letter — "Will the everlasting hills be more beautiful than this?" And so she wrote the first words of her loving letter, and, smiling, lay down the pen and went away.

"And it was not only this beautiful enthusiasm, that shed a rich, warm nature, that made Mrs. Claflin so radiant a presence among us. She had not merely a strong heart, but a fine, strong mind. Our friend never in all her life — I am sure never in all these later years I have known her — considered a duty as a duty, or planned how little of brain or thought or days and life she could put into anything she had to do. I am sure you who knew her well in her home and among her charities must have wondered at the wealth of resources and unselfishness. I said to her once, 'You seem only anxious to see how much of experience you can put into everything.' And she smiled, and said, 'What else are influences and brains for? Just that.' She was always anxious to inform and inspire everything she had to do.

"She wrought her life in her home as an artist. After that pleasant sheltered girlhood among the hills of Massachusetts, our friend entered upon a very busy life. Five little children were soon in her arms. Public duties crowded upon the wise man who stood beside her, not content simply with her comradeship and her help, but glad that she could have independent interests and generous opportunities for service. He

The souvenir china, having old Boston scenes by Wedgwood, are among the novelties at Jones, McDuffee & Stratton's. Their establishment as a china store is not excelled in any foreign or American city.

wished her to take and give largely in all directions, and during all those busy years she devoted herself not simply to her home and to the little church in Newtonville, but to every good interest in the village; and in after years she simply devoted herself with the same large supervision, the same artistic touch, the same wealth of love, when the children had gone to the better land or out into homes of their own, to your cause of Boston University, to the girls of Wellesley, to the little Italians of the North End, to everything which compelled her great heart and generous spirit. Other people give money. Our friend, like her Master, came to give life, and to give it not stintingly, but 'more abundantly.'

"Mrs. Claflin was not only generous and enthusiastic by nature, she was not only a great friend, but she was also a very ambitious woman. She was one of the most nobly ambitious people I have ever known, and in that, I think, is one of the greatest inspirations of what her life can be to you, young men and young women, whom she so graciously touched in her life. It seems to me that one of the pathetic things about us all is that we are so little ambitious. We may hear sermons from our pulpits against the sin of worldly ambition — and we need them; but we need also, do we not, to have sermons telling us, and telling us over and over, to 'covet earnestly the best gifts' and to find the 'more excellent way.' Our boys and girls are content with such poor ambitions. A little money, houses, a good family, an extra horse and carriage, a multitude of the things that perish with the using — with these they are content. And at the best we are content with more knowledge, with more power of one sort or another. But our friend from her girlhood on was ambitious for the things that last. Always, through all her life, Mrs. Claflin wished to know the people worth knowing; she wished the friends whose friendship was an inspiration. She had the spirit of the young girl who, taught by her life, came and said to me a little while ago: 'Tell me where to put my young life in where it will count the most for the beautiful years that my Father has given me to give away.' That was Mrs. Claflin's ideal.

"She had the friends she wanted because she was great in friendship and gave great love. She had such friends as Mary Hemmenway and Charles Sumner and Lucy Larcom and John G. Whittier.

"What were the causes she espoused in her long life? Mr. and Mrs. Claflin in their early life had before them the rich and sweet thought of social ambition calling them, but they chose the most unpopular reform of their day — the reform that branded men and women — and they were put out of society in New England. When Mr. and Mrs. Claflin took up the cause of abolitionism, many dear ones and many in power forsook them, and many a heartache did they have to bear. But never did they waver or flinch. In New England, in Washington, through the dark days that wrung men's hearts in Massachusetts, did these two faithfully work in public and in private in the desperate cause of the slave. And whether men or women agreed with them or not, then or now, it is good to find that they, like so many young people at the beginning of their married life, were brave enough and wise enough and firm enough to take up an unpopular cause, to take it up with all their hearts and throw themselves into the great opportunity, and to do their best.

"And they went into public life and took up a second great unpopular reform. Not in their ambition to do good in the world did they take the easy path. It was not then as easy as it would be now for men and women in the Governor's residence in Massachusetts, or in public life in Washington, to take up the reform of temperance. But always, unflinchingly, at public banquets and in private hospitality, even with foreigners who came to them with different habits and education, they did what they believed to be safe, sound, generous and Christian in the cause of temperance and total abstinence.

"But it was not always popular in Massachusetts to espouse the cause of co-education. It has not always been popular in Massachusetts to work urgently for college education for girls. But Mr. and Mrs. Claflin were among the first chosen by that great soldier sent of God in New England, Mr. Durant, when he founded Wellesley College for girls on the hills away over here, and was brave enough to build it large to begin with, and to choose men and women like these to help him build and carry on his college. And our friend was loyal there; gave her home, gave her heart, gave herself with a great love to this beautiful work for the girls of America, to fit them, as she said, to take in their young hands the schools and the homes and the churches and the charities that you men are too busy to take care of now.

"I count over the beautiful interests of her life, and think over her gracious hospitality, her generous gift of herself, her charming presence. I think we all are remembering what the key-stone of it all was: It was a nature profoundly religious. It was the secret of all the rest. Our friend, with ambitions calling to her, and flattery fawning upon her, never lost the central interest, the foundation faith, which swayed all the rest and was like the anchor to the great ship. She lived in two worlds at once; and the other world, which we go through this blindly forgetting, she never forgot. She habitually lived the life of the Spirit. Not that she was a mystic; not that she had not keen practical knowledge of the world in the smallest details. She walked through her du-

ties with boundless devotion. She counted no day as well-spent in which she was not doing something for other people. She did not sit down and take account, 'Now what have I done today for somebody else?' She never needed to. She never took time for it. She hastened on her busy rounds morning, noon, and night, always planning for others. What was the secret of it? This profound sense of the other world in which she was living all the time, and therein was her knowledge of what was best worth doing after all.

"She was very like her friend, Mr. Whittier, in her feeling about death. It is not natural for some to speak of death in connection with the Master, because herein was the abundance of life, and I can never think of her as having anything whatever to do with death. I think that is one reason why she said so many times that she could wish that she might step suddenly and swiftly out of life. And she was given her wish. She used to quote to me very often what Mr. Whittier said to her, that we men and women make too much of the little circumstance men call death. And she used to often speak of the other life, and her going into it, and our relations to it, in the most simple and sweet and natural way. Our talks about it — and they were constant — were always like our talks about what we could do for the university, or the college, or the boys in the farm school. I cannot remember that there was any difference in her tone or attitude, and it seemed as natural with her in a drive or by the seashore or in the country-house to speak of one thing as of the other. It is a great gift to have a woman who takes it for granted that you are as much interested in one life as in the other, and such a gift we had in her. And she could not be kept from wondering what dear Mr. Whittier was doing in the other life to which he had lately gone, and then would change to wondering what we could do for the boy who had run away from the farm school and was lost in the streets of Boston. And she could in the carriage (I shall never forget it) on a September day in Amesbury — a carriage with Mrs. Claflin and Miss Larcom and Elizabeth Stuart Phelps sitting beside me — talk in a sweet tone of how lovely the world must look to Mr. Whittier from the other side of it; and directly plan to help some college girls to get more of an education.

"There is something beautiful about such a life. We do it injustice by talking about it. Only flowers with their delicate petals part to tell of what they are made. But the flower is here, with all its fragrance filling the room, and filling our lives. And we cannot describe it, and the secret of its life is hidden in the depth of the mysteries of the universe.

"The last time I saw our dear friend, as she turned and went down the path, she repeated to me — what she seems to say to us tonight — the last words of a poem she dearly loved from her girlhood — words which showed the spirit of a life which is 'hid with Christ in God' and is not afraid of death, —

"Say not good-night, but in some brighter clime  
Bid me good-morning."

Rev. O. L. Goodell, after deeply and gratefully emphasizing the fact that a profoundly religious life was the source of her beautiful ministries, said: —

"Not all who rejoiced to share in the blessing of this helpful life knew the secret of its power. That was only known to the inner circle of friends whom she loved and trusted. These knew that the voice, ever echoing in her soul the sweet call to which she responded with ardor, was the voice of her Master. It was not because society approved or disapproved; it was not because such things were expected of those in her position; it was not the working out of some law of being which she did not understand, but the thing that made her life so helpful that you can track it through our city as you could track a stream across the desert, was that she had the profound conviction that only thus could she make return to Him whose she was and whom she served. The motto at Wellesley, 'Not to be ministered unto, but to minister,' was put there by her hand and was the motto of her life.

"All other sides of her character have been presented, but I think I shall not improperly invade a private hour if I take you with me for a pastoral call. We are seated in a room in a stately mansion crowning our famous hill. Around us are multiplied evidences of ample wealth and the widest culture. Art treasures and curios collected with faultless taste in many lands give evidence of thoughtful travel. This room has echoed with famous voices. Over that threshold more of the good and great have passed than over almost any other in our great city; and these were drawn here by the charm and power of the two congenial spirits who call this home. A step falls lightly on the tufted floor. You are aware of another presence. A motherly figure stands smiling before you, with a face such as the Madonna might have worn after Gethsemane and Calvary and Olivet. Greeted with the grace which a kind, true heart alone can give, you feel at once at home. A moment only is spent in ordinary conversation, and then the things which lie uppermost on her heart come to her lips. For a little while we speak of the poor about us, and she tenderly asks for the welfare of those in whom we are specially interested and who come from time to time to this very room. And then it is but a step to the high themes of personal religious experience. In these her soul reveals, and such words fall from her lips as might have been spoken by that other Mary in the little home at Bethany after Lazarus came back. Each heart has its life story, and that must be sacredly kept or shared as each heart wills. It is enough to say that she had her Gethsemane, and like her Lord an angel strengthened her there. Under the shadow of her cross a peace came into her heart which has never been shaken, and a strength of love which stopped at no service for her blessed Lord. In this church, Sabbath after Sabbath, she came to worship God and to get her own strength renewed. Oft she came burdened with bodily weakness, but she was wont to say, 'I cannot stay away.'

"You admired her for her culture and literary ability; for her charming ways in social life; for her grace and versatility in every public function; for her words of wisdom to the young, the encouragement she gave to every one struggling to be and to do; for her philanthropic efforts for the poor and the unfortunate; but do not forget that the one purpose which overmastered every other and gave grace to them all, was to live a humble, devoted, Christian life."

# ROYAL BAKING POWDER

## MAKES DAINTIES



# FOR CHRISTMAS